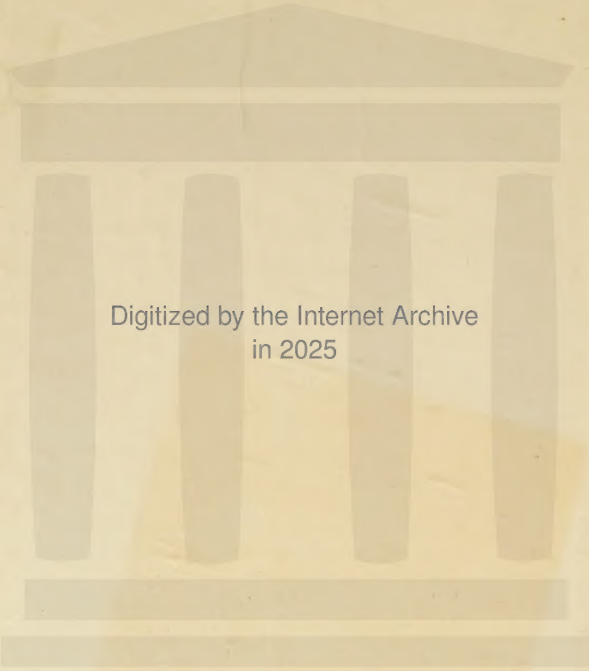


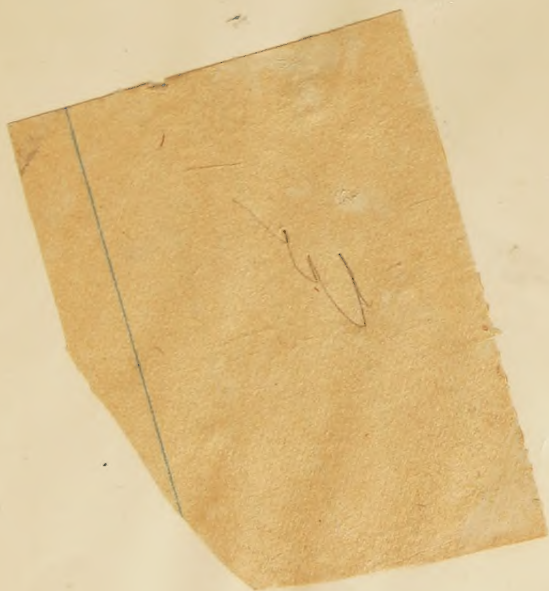
BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON THE ROLLING OCEAN



LAURA LEE HOPE



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THEY BEHELD A HUT OF DRIFTWOOD AND PALM LEAVES.

Frontispiece—(Page 174)

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on the Rolling Ocean.

BUNNY BROWN
AND HIS SISTER SUE ON
THE ROLLING OCEAN

BY
LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF
THE BUNNY BROWN SERIES, THE BOBBSEY
TWINS SERIES, THE SIX LITTLE
BUNKERS SERIES, MAKE
BELIEVE STORIES,
ETC.

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Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on the Rolling Ocean

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BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON THE ROLLING OCEAN

CHAPTER I

THE RUNAWAY HORSE

BUNNY BROWN stood behind a long board which was laid across two boxes in the front yard. On the board were some piles of white stones and little heaps of red pebbles. There were also clam shells, a few filled with white sand and others with brown sand.

On one end of the board were some pieces of paper cut into squares and near them was a ball of string. On the other end of the board, balanced on a small box, was a shingle. This shingle moved up and down like the scales in a grocery store. In fact, this shingle and the box were Bunny Brown's scale. He was "playing store."

"Well, I wonder if anybody is coming to buy anything at my store to-day," said Bunny, as he paced up and down behind the counter.

Just then a little girl, carrying a doll under one arm, walked up to the shade tree under which the play store was. She went to the counter and looked at the piles of sand, pebbles, and the clam shells. But Bunny Brown did not seem to think she was a little girl. He bowed to her and asked:

"What will it be to-day, Mrs. Anderson?"

"Oh, Bunny! You sound just like Mr. Gordon in the real grocery store!" laughed Sue, clapping her hands. As she did this her doll fell down on the grass. "You're just like Mr. Gordon!" cried the little girl again.

Bunny Brown frowned, wrinkling his forehead until it looked like a wash-board from the laundry.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, coming out from behind the counter. "I'm not going to play store if you do that!"

"Do what?" asked Sue, for it was Bunny Brown's sister Sue who had come to the store. Bunny had called her "Mrs. Anderson," but

all the same, she was Sue Brown. "What did I do, Bunny?" asked Sue.

"There you go again!" cried Bunny. "Stop calling me by my right name! If we're going to play store I'm Mr. Gordon and you're Mrs. Anderson!"

"Yes, I know, Bunny, but—"

"Oh, will you stop it?" cried the little boy, dancing up and down in his excitement. "I'm Mr. Gordon keeping the store!" he explained.

"Yes, I know you are," admitted Sue. "I said you sounded just like Mr. Gordon when mother goes in and he says what will it be to-day, Mrs. Brown. You sounded just like him, and—"

"Well, then, you must call me Mr. Gordon!" insisted Bunny. "Now start over again."

"Oh, all right, Bun—I mean Mr. Gordon!" and Sue quickly corrected herself. "Wait a minute."

She picked up her doll from the grass and, imitating as nearly as she could the manner of a grown woman, walked out of the store. Of course the store was out of doors, in the front yard of the Brown home, under the

trees. But to Bunny the store was very real, indeed. Bunny could "pretend" much harder than could Sue, because, possibly, he was a year older.

Sue—or Mrs. Anderson—having gone out, turned about to come in again. Bunny was once more behind the counter, looking at the clam shells, the piles of pebbles, and the sand, at his wrapping paper and twine and at the swaying shingle on a box—his scales.

"Good morning, Mrs. Anderson, what will it be to-day?" again asked the little boy store-keeper as he bowed to his sister.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Gordon," replied Sue, and she did not even smile as she gave her brother the pretend name. This showed that Sue was now playing the game in real earnest. "Have you any sugar this morning, Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, Mrs. Anderson, I have some nice fresh sugar that just came in," Bunny answered, acting so much like Mr. Gordon, the real grocer, that Sue nearly smiled at him. But she remembered just in time and her face grew serious.

"Do you wish white sugar or brown, Mrs. Anderson?" asked Bunny. I can call him that without getting into trouble, you know.

"I'll have a pound of white sugar, and two pounds of brown," answered Sue, or Mrs. Anderson.

"Please have a seat while I weigh it for you," the little storekeeper went on.

In front of the counter there was a small box. Pretending that this was a stool, such as they sometimes have in real stores, Sue sat down on it.

Then Bunny, taking up a stone for a weight, put it on one end of the shingle scales. On the other end of the shingle he piled up some white sand, and when the shingle balanced, that was a pound. He put the white sand in one of the pieces of paper and tied a string around it.

"There is your white sugar, Mrs. Anderson," he said to his sister. Sue took it but cried:

"Oh, Bunny, there's a hole in the paper and all the sand is running out! Look!"

Bunny Brown raised his hands in the air.

"There you go again!" he cried. "Didn't I tell you to call me Mr. Gordon and not Bunny? And that isn't sand—it's sugar! If you aren't going to play right—"

"Oh, Bunny—I mean Mr. Gordon—I forgot!" gasped Sue. "Truly, I did! Come on and play!" she begged, for Bunny started to walk out from behind the counter. "I won't do it again! Really, I won't, Bun—I mean Mr. Gordon! And I don't care if this sand—I mean if the sugar spills. I have lots of money and I can buy more," and she looked in her pocket where a mass of green leaves from the lilac bush took the place of money.

"Well, all right," said Bunny slowly, after a moment. "But if you forget again I'm not going to play!"

"I won't forget," promised Sue.

She placed the paper of sand-sugar down on the counter in front of her, brushed some of the grains off her doll's dress and said:

"Now I'll have some brown sugar, Mr. Gordon."

"Yes, Mrs. Anderson," said Bunny. "This brown sugar is very sweet. Just taste it!"

He held some of the brown sand out to his sister. She looked at him in a funny way, and Bunny cried:

"Go on—taste it!"

Thereupon Sue wet the end of her finger and dipped it in the sand Bunny held out to her on the end of a little board. Then Sue put the sand on the tip of her tongue.

"Burr-r-r! Ugh! Oh, yes, it is very sweet sugar!" she exclaimed, making a funny face as she spluttered until the sand was out of her mouth. "I think I'll have two pounds of that, Mr. Gordon."

Bunny never smiled at the funny face his sister made when she tasted the sand. When Bunny played anything he was very much in earnest, as I have told you.

He put another stone on the weight end of the shingle scale. He then dipped out twice as much brown sand as he had of the white and wrapped this up in a paper which he tied with a piece of string.

"There is the brown sugar, Mrs. Anderson," he said. "And now what else will there be to-day?"

Bunny Brown acted so much like Sam Gordon, the real grocer, and even imitated his talk and manners so well, that Sue felt like laughing. But she knew that if she did so her brother would not play any more, so she kept as straight a face as she could and said:

"Have you any fresh eggs, Mr. Gordon?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Anderson, some very fresh ones. They were picked just this morning!"

"Oh, Bunny Brown, you don't pick eggs! They grow in the chicken coop!" giggled Sue. And Bunny, knowing that he had made a mistake, did not find fault this time with Sue for calling him Bunny instead of Mr. Gordon.

"I mean," corrected the little boy, "that the eggs were laid fresh this morning."

"Then I'll take a dozen," said Sue, getting her face straight again.

Bunny picked up twelve of the larger white pebbles and put these in an old cracker box, of which he had several under the counter.

"Be careful not to break the eggs, Mrs. Anderson," he said, handing Sue the box. "Is there anything else?"

"I think that's all," said Sue gravely, as she

had heard her mother say. "How much is it?"

Bunny pretended to be adding up the cost of the pound of white sand-sugar, the two pounds of the brown sand-sugar, and the price of the dozen white-pebble-eggs.

"That's a dollar and fifty-seven cents," he finally said.

Sue took out a large green leaf and two smaller ones. And Bunny gave her back, in change, two red petals from a rose.

"Come again, Mrs. Anderson," he called as Sue, tucking her doll under one arm and her packages under the other, started away from the play store. She walked across the grass and down toward the bushes that grew as a sort of hedge in front of the house.

As she neared the gate, Sue saw something which caused her to cry out:

"Oh, look, Bunny! Look! Quick!"

"Say, didn't I tell you I'm Mr. Gordon, the grocer, and you mustn't call me Bunny?" cried the little boy. "Now I'm not going to play store any more!"

"I don't want to play store!" exclaimed

Sue, who was much excited. "Look, Bunny! It's a runaway horse and he's coming right this way!"

This made Bunny forget all about being a grocer. Out from behind the counter he ran to join his sister near the gate. He saw, coming down the street, a galloping horse on the back of which was a man who either had lost the bridle or who did not know how to manage the animal.

"Oh, Sue, it is a runaway!" gasped Bunny, and for the first time since the store game had begun he called his sister by her right name. "I wonder whose it is?"

"I guess it's that man's," said Sue. "Look! He's coming right for us! I'm going to run!"

"He won't come here!" said Bunny. "He can't jump over the bushes, Sue."

The man on the back of the horse seemed either frightened or excited. He was now leaning forward, his arms around the neck of the animal, and he cried:

"Avast there! Belay! Drop your anchor! Pull up at the dock! I want to go ashore!"

Bunny thought this was a funny way to talk to a horse.

"He should say 'whoa' or 'back' to him," thought Bunny. "He's talking just like Bunker Blue or one of the sailors down at daddy's dock."

But neither Bunny Brown nor his sister Sue had time to think much more or do much more. All of a sudden the horse came up on the sidewalk near the Brown gate. Then, just outside the hedge of bushes, the horse came to a sudden stop.

Off his back shot the man, up into the air, over the bushes in a curve, and then he fell to the ground with a groan.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Bunny's sister Sue.

CHAPTER II

A STRANGE STORY

BUNNY BROWN was as much excited and frightened as his sister, but he did not scream and call out as Sue did. Instead, Bunny looked at the man, lying so still and quiet on the grass. At first the little boy thought the rider of the runaway horse had been killed when he had been flung in such a queer way over the fence.

But as Bunny looked he saw that the strange man had landed on a pile of grass that had been cut and raked up that morning by Bunker Blue, a boy who worked at Mr. Brown's fish and boat dock.

"The pile of grass was like a cushion," thought Bunny to himself, remembering how once he had fallen on a pile of hay in a field when he and his sister were in the country on Grandpa's farm. Bunny had not been hurt

by his fall, and he was hoping the man was not much hurt by his tumble.

That the man was not dead was proved a moment later when he moved slightly, groaned and opened his eyes.

"Hello, what's your name? Are you much hurt?" asked Jed Winkler, who was in the crowd that had rushed up the street after the runaway.

"My name is Pott—Philip Pott," was the faint answer. "I was coming here to look for my son. He's lost—my son Harry is lost. At least, so they say—went down with the schooner *Mary Bell*. The treasure is lost too—the treasure is gone! Oh, if I could only find my lost son!" Then the man closed his eyes and lay very quiet.

"He's a sailor, just as I used to be!" exclaimed old Jed Winkler, whom Bunny Brown and his sister knew very well. "He's badly hurt, too. He'll have to lay up in the sick bay a spell, I reckon! Catch hold of him, somebody, and we'll lift him!"

While Bunny Brown and Sue looked on, their mother and Uncle Tad, an old soldier

who lived with the Brown family, came out of the house.

"Bring the poor man into our house," ordered Mrs. Brown. "I have telephoned for the doctor."

"Oh, Mother! He fell off his horse right in front of Bunny and me!" exclaimed Sue, running toward her mother. "We were playing store!"

"He flew right over the bushes," added Bunny.

"Yes, my dears," said Mrs. Brown. "But run out of the way now until Uncle Tad and Mr. Winkler carry the poor man into our house."

While this is being done I will take just a moment to tell my new readers something of the two children who are to take part in this story.

Their names, as you have already been told, were Bunny and Sue Brown. Their father's name was Walter Brown. He owned a boat and fish business in the seacoast town of Bellemere. He owned a pier which extended out into Sandport Bay, and to this pier were

brought the fish which his men caught in nets off the coast.

The fish were packed in barrels of ice and shipped to New York and other cities. Mr. Brown also hired rowboats, sailing craft and motor launches to those who wanted them. He had men to help him, and also a chap named Bunker Blue, who was a big, kindly lad, very fond of Bunny and Sue. You first met the children in the book called "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue," which tells of the funny adventures they had. After that, in other books, you were told how the children went to Grandpa's farm, how they camped, and of their visit to Aunt Lu, after which they went to the big woods, then took an auto tour.

Once Bunny and Sue had had a Shetland pony, and later a trick dog. You may guess that they were fond of playing store, and once they helped in a real store. Just before this story opens, as related in the book, "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at a Sugar Camp," the children had gone to the woods toward the end of winter and had seen how maple sugar was made.

Now it was summer again, and Bunny and Sue were ready for more adventures. But they were hardly prepared for seeing a man tossed off the back of a runaway horse, over their hedge, and almost at their feet.

"Oh, Bunny, do you s'pose he's dead?" whispered Sue to her brother as Uncle Tad, Mr. Winkler, and another man lifted the unconscious man who had said his name was Philip Pott.

"I guess he's not dead," Bunny answered. "He couldn't talk if he was dead."

"Well, anyhow, maybe he's hurt," went on Sue.

"Yes, I guess he is hurt," agreed Bunny.

The children started to go into the house, following the men who were carrying the injured sailor. Some other men and boys in the street caught the runaway horse, which had stopped as soon as it had tossed the man from his back.

"Whose horse is it?" some one asked.

"It belongs to Jason's livery stable," said Bunker Blue, coming along just then. "That's old Jim—I know that horse."

"All right, I'll take him back to Mr. Jason," offered Sam Flack, a man who did odd jobs about the town.

Bunker had come back from the boat and fish dock to take away the pile of newly cut grass he had raked up.

"Hi, Bunny, did the horse jump over the hedge?" asked George Watson, one of Bunny's chums. A number of boys and girls had gathered near the scene of the runaway.

"No, the horse didn't go over the bushes—just the man," said Charlie Star, another chum of the Brown children.

"How do you know?" asked Harry Bentley.

"I saw him," answered Charlie.

"So did I!" added Mary Watson. "Oh, weren't you 'cited—I mean excited—Sue?"

"Yes, I was," admitted Sue.

Sue and her brother went into the house, following the men who had carried in Mr. Pott, and Bunker Blue "shooed" the other people out of the yard so he could gather up the grass. Sam Flack led away the now quieted horse.

The excitement was over for a time. But

many things were happening in the home of Bunny Brown and his sister Sue.

Mrs. Brown and Julia, the maid, had made ready a couch in one of the rooms, and on this the silent sailor was laid.

"Does he seem to be badly hurt?" asked Mrs. Brown of Uncle Tad. "I have telephoned for Dr. Rudd. He will be here in a few minutes."

"He seems to be hurt on the legs and in his head, Mrs. Brown," said Jed Winkler. "He's a sailor. I gathered that much from his talk. Do you know him?"

"I never saw him before," Mrs. Brown answered. "I was looking out, watching Bunny and Sue playing store, when I saw this horse come galloping down the street. Then it stopped so quickly that the poor man was pitched off over the hedge."

"He almost landed on me," said Bunny.

"On me, too," added Sue, who did not like to be left out of anything in which her brother had a part.

Dr. Rudd came in a few minutes later and looked Mr. Pott over. The injured sailor

soon felt better. He opened his eyes and looked about him.

"Hello! Where am I? What ship is this?" asked the man in a weak voice.

"You aren't on any ship, my good man," said the doctor. "You are in Mr. Brown's house. Can you tell us who you are and where you want to go?"

The man looked around at the faces, which were strange to him, and said:

"I don't know any Mr. Brown."

"We're the Browns," explained Bunny.

"That's my mother's name and my father's name and Bunny's name and my name!" exclaimed Sue. "And you're in our house."

"Oh, am I? Thank you, little girl," said Mr. Pott, smiling at her. "How did I get here?"

"You were riding a horse and it ran away and threw you. Don't you remember?" asked Uncle Tad.

"You spoke of the schooner *Mary Bell*," said Jed Winkler. "You're a sailor, I take it, same as I used to be. I'm sorry to see you in trouble, messmate? Can I help you?"

Mr. Pott looked at Jed Winkler a minute and then said:

"Well, you might help me if you could find the lost treasure."

"What lost treasure?" asked Dr. Rudd, and Bunny and Sue remembered a sea story their mother sometimes read to them about a shipwreck in which treasure had been lost and later was found on a desert island.

"The treasure was lost on the *Mary Bell*," murmured Mr. Pott. "She foundered, the *Mary Bell* did, down in southern waters. I was first mate aboard of her and my son Harry was second mate. But I guess he's lost too—my boy Harry. He was sick just before the *Mary Bell* began to sink. I haven't had any word from him since.

"But I thought maybe he got picked up at sea somehow, and I've been going about ever since, trying to find him. Every time I heard of a place where a sailor lived I went there, thinking it might be my son Harry. I thought maybe he might have the lost treasure. I heard there was a sailor living here, so I came to this port."

"I guess I'm the only sailor living here," said Mr. Winkler. "But I'm not your son and I haven't any treasure."

"You have Wango, your monkey," said Bunny, for he and Sue liked the queer, fuzzy, little animal that Jed had brought back with him from one of his voyages.

"Yes, I have Wango, but he isn't any treasure," chuckled the old sailor. "Anyhow, my sister Euphemia doesn't think so."

Bunny and Sue well knew this. They wondered what else the injured sailor would say. They had listened to his strange story, and they wondered what his treasure was and if he would ever find his lost son Harry.

After telling this much about himself Mr. Pott became unconscious.

"I wanted to ask him how it was he came to be riding that horse," said Mr. Winkler. "A horse is no sort of craft for a sailor."

"It will be better not to ask him any more questions for a while," said Dr. Rudd, "even if he regains consciousness. Shall I have the ambulance come and take him away, Mrs. Brown?"

"Oh, no, not yet. Let the poor man stay here," said Bunny's mother. "It might hurt him to move him. Later, if you find he needs hospital treatment, he can go there. But let him stay here for the time being."

So it was arranged, and Dr. Rudd said he would come in again that afternoon. Bunny and Sue were looking at the strange sailor when their mother called:

"Here comes daddy. I suppose he heard that something had happened at home and came up from the dock to see about it."

The footsteps of some one walking in the hall were heard. Bunny and Sue knew their father's tread. Then the voice of Mr. Brown called:

"Where are you, Bunny? And where's Sue? I've great news for you!"

CHAPTER III

WONDERFUL NEWS

BUNNY BROWN and his sister Sue made a rush for the hall to meet their father. In fact, they always ran to meet him as soon as they heard him enter the house. But this time, because he called out that he had great news for them, there was an extra reason for hurrying.

"Don't make too much noise, my dears," said Mrs. Brown, motioning to the injured sailor.

"He doesn't hear them," said Uncle Tad, who was sitting beside Mr. Pott. "He's off in a stupor now. I'm afraid he's going to be a very sick man."

"Too bad," murmured Mrs. Brown. "If we could only find his son and get word to him about his father."

"Likely the son will never be found," replied Uncle Tad in a low voice.

"Well, we'll take care of this poor man until Dr. Rudd sees him again," went on Mrs. Brown. "By that time he may be better."

Bunny and Sue found their father out in the hall. Generally they rushed at him with merry peals of laughter and jolly shouts. But now they had heard what their mother said about disturbing Mr. Pott, so they were a little quieter.

"What's the great news, Daddy?" asked Bunny.

"Are we going away somewhere?" Sue wanted to know. To travel was the delight of the two children, and nothing pleased them so much as to be on the move—it did not much matter where, as long as they were seeing something new. But probably most children are like that.

"Yes, I think perhaps we are going away—on the rolling ocean," said Mr. Brown. "I'll tell you more about it in a little while. But what is going on here? Some one told me there had been an accident here, though I see it isn't either of you two who is hurt. And it

can't be mother, for I hear her talking to Uncle Tad."

"It's Mr. Pott," explained Bunny. "He's a sailor and he lost his son Harry and the treasure and he was on a horse."

"But he fell off the horse," quickly added Sue. "And, Daddy, he 'most fell on us when we played store!"

"My! I should say that was a lot to have happen to one," said Mr. Brown. "Now don't make too much noise if we have a sick man in the house."

He went into the room where his wife and Uncle Tad were keeping watch over Mr. Pott, and from Mrs. Brown soon learned all there was to know about the matter.

"Too bad," said Mr. Brown. "Well, perhaps things may turn out all right after all, but it's pretty hard for the old man to lose his son and a treasure at the same time."

Making the sailor as comfortable as possible, and leaving Uncle Tad to watch over him, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the children went to another room where they could talk together.

"What's this about some news the children say you have?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"It is news, yes, in a way," answered her husband. "How would you like to take a trip?"

"It depends on where the trip is," his wife said, with a smile. "If I had my choice I would like to go down south where it is lovely and warm and where there are so many flowers and birds."

"You must have guessed what I was going to say," laughed Mr. Brown, "for down south is where I was thinking of going."

"Is it down to the sunny south where we were once before?" asked Bunny. The Brown children had once taken a trip to the south-land.

"Not exactly the same place," Mr. Brown replied. "Of course, the south is always sunny, but this time I have in mind an ocean voyage. I have to go to the West Indies on business, and I have a chance to go on a steamer which one of the big fish companies is sending. They have given me the use of two staterooms, so there will be room for all of

us. If you want to go and take the children, my dear," he said to his wife, "I think it would be a pleasant trip for us all."

"I don't see how we could very well leave them at home," remarked Mrs. Brown, looking at Bunny and Sue.

"Leave us at home? I guess not!" cried Bunny. "I wouldn't stay!"

"And if Bunny doesn't stay at home I'm not going to stay!" announced Sue, almost ready to cry.

"There, now, don't get excited," laughed Mr. Brown. "No one is going to be left at home."

"And are we really going on the ocean?" asked Bunny.

"To get to the West Indies down near Cuba we must go on the ocean," answered Mr. Brown. "But though the ocean may roll a bit, it will not be very rough, if that's what you're thinking of."

"Tell me more about it," begged Mrs. Brown, while the children listened.

"Well, it isn't all settled yet," Mr. Brown replied. "But, as you know, I sell some of

my fish to the Empire Sea Food Company of Philadelphia. One of their men was in to see me the other day and told of an especial trip one of their steamers was going to make to the West Indies. They are to look up new places from which they may have southern fish shipped to them. This man said there would be plenty of room on the *Beacon*, which is the name of the steamer. She isn't going to carry regular passengers, just the crew, some members of the fish company, and some of the wives of the officers of the company.

"So, as he offered me the use of two state-rooms, which will be just enough for us, I thought perhaps you and the children might like to go. I can leave my head clerk and Bunker Blue in charge of my business here, and Uncle Tad can look after the house. So there is no reason why we can't all go on the rolling ocean."

"I think I should love it," said Mrs. Brown.

"Are we going to-morrow?" Sue wanted to know. "'Cause if we are, I've got to put a new dress on my doll."

"Oh, no, we won't go to-morrow!" laughed

her father. "Perhaps not for a week yet. You'll have plenty of time to dress Sallie Ann, if that's the name of your doll."

"No," said Sue, thinking the matter over, "I haven't any doll named Sallie Ann. But," she added quickly, "if you would get me a new doll I could name her Sallie Ann."

"Oh, ho, you little tyke! So that's what you're thinking of, are you?" exclaimed Mr. Brown, catching Sue up in his arms. "Well, we'll see about the new doll later on. But if you think it is settled about making the trip, I'll send word to Captain Ward of the *Beacon* so our staterooms will be made ready."

"Yes, I think we'll take the trip," said Mrs. Brown.

Just then Sue called:

"Oh, look at Bunny! What's he doing?"

Well might she ask that, for Bunny was moving about the room, reeling from side to side, heaving and rolling his shoulders and head as though trying to turn himself inside out.

"Bunny! What's the matter?" called his mother. "Are you ill?"

"No, I'm not sick!" replied Bunny, straightening up. "I'm just making believe I'm on a ship on the rolling ocean. The ocean rolls, daddy said, and I'm rolling. I'm on the rolling ocean! The rolling ocean!" With a laugh, Bunny again made his shoulders move in that funny way, imitating the heaving and swaying of a ship in the swell of the sea.

"You'll get plenty of that before we reach the West Indies," said Mr. Brown. "The ocean will roll for you all you want it to."

"I like the ocean," announced the little boy. "I'm going to fish in it when we get on the steamer."

"And maybe you'll catch a crab and it will pinch you," said Sue.

"I like crabs," declared Bunny.

"I don't," stated Sue. "I don't like 'em alive! Once I got pinched by a crab." This was true. The children had gone out fishing in Sandport Bay with Bunker Blue once upon a time. A crab had been caught and before Sue could get out of the way of the queer, sidewise-moving creature, it had nipped her on the leg.

"Well, since it is all settled that we are to go on the rolling ocean," announced Mr. Brown, "I'll send word to Captain Ward. He asked me to let him know, and—"

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Brown, holding up her hand for silence.

A noise sounded in the other room where Mr. Pott had been put. The voice of the sailor could be heard murmuring, and Uncle Tad was answering him.

"I must see what's the matter," said Mrs. Brown.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. POTT GOES AWAY

KEEPING Bunny and Sue in the background, Mr. and Mrs. Brown looked in the room where Uncle Tad was watching over Mr. Pott.

"Is anything the matter?" whispered Mrs. Brown, for when she and her husband looked in the room the injured man seemed to be quiet and there was no longer the murmur of voices.

"He's all right now," said Uncle Tad in low tones. "But he was a bit restless a moment ago. He was sort of talking in his sleep, I guess, about his missing son and the lost treasure."

"Do you really think he lost a treasure?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Well," said Uncle Tad slowly, "you know how it is with sick folks. Sometimes they

imagine things. I know how it was in the army. Sometimes the men that were hurt would talk a lot about things that had never happened. They were wandering in their minds."

"But Mr. Pott lost his son—he told us so," remarked Bunny. He and Sue stood just outside the door.

"Yes," agreed Sue, "he did. When he fell off the horse and came into our yard and sat on the pile of grass, he said he'd lost his son."

"Well, maybe he did, and a treasure, too," agreed Mr. Brown. "Perhaps in the morning he'll be better able to tell us more about himself and how he happened to come here."

"He came here because he heard there was a sailor living here," explained Mrs. Brown. "He thought it might be his son who had been rescued from the wreck of the *Mary Bell*. But the only sailor we have here is Jed Winkler."

"And he's too old to have been this man's son," said Mr. Brown.

The sick man had grown quiet again, and

Mrs. Brown sent Julia, the maid, in to watch by his couch while Uncle Tad had a rest.

The excitement caused by the runaway horse had passed, the animal having been taken back to the livery stable where Mr. Pott had hired it. Bunker Blue raked up the pile of grass and put it back of the Brown garage where later some stray goats came and ate it.

Bunny and Sue, forgetting for a time about the strange sailor in their house, ran out to play again.

"But don't let's play store again," suggested Bunny.

"What'll we play?" Sue wanted to know.

"Let's play about the rolling ocean," suggested Bunny, whose mind seemed filled with thoughts of the great sea. "We'll make believe the store counter is a ship, and I'll be the captain and you can be a passenger and we'll go to the West Indies."

"And maybe we'll find Mr. Pott's lost son," added Sue.

"I'd rather find the treasure," said Bunny Brown.

Neither he nor his sister dreamed of the strange adventures that were soon to be theirs.

Bunny and Sue so often made believe that it did not take them long to change the "store" into an ocean-going steamer. The long plank that had served for a counter was laid on two lower boxes, for, as it was, it was too high for the deck of a ship. Then Bunny placed one box up in front of the plank.

"This is where the captain steers the ship," he said.

He placed another box behind the first at the farther end of the plank.

"That's the cabin for passengers," he told Sue. "You get in there, and be careful you don't fall into the water."

"I don't see any water," remarked Sue.

"You don't?" cried Bunny Brown. "Why, there's water all around us! How do you s'pose a ship's going to sail on the rolling ocean if it doesn't go in the water? This grass all around us is water, and you'd better get on board else you'll be drowned. You're in the water now!" and he pointed to Sue's feet.

"I am not in the water!" she cried.

"You are so!" asserted Bunny. "And if you don't get on board quick, the steamer'll go off without you! Toot! Toot!" and he pretended to blow a whistle.

"Then you're in the water, too," retorted Sue, pointing to Bunny's feet which were also on the grass.

"Oh, well, that's nothing! Captains have to be in the water! Anyhow, I'm going to get up and steer the boat. So if you want to play you've got to get on, too."

Bunny made a jump and landed on the plank. Then he took his place in the forward box. Sue was going to get aboard when she happened to think of something.

"Bunny," she called.

"I'm not Bunny!" he answered. "I'm Captain Ward." He remembered the name of the commander of the *Beacon* spoken of by Mr. Brown. "You have to call me Captain Ward if you're going to play steamboat," he told his sister.

"All right. Captain Ward," and Sue did not smile when she said this, "could I take one of my dolls on your steamer?"

"Doll? No!" cried Bunny. "You're supposed to be a big woman passenger and they don't have dolls. But if you want to take your little girl in your cabin, you can do that."

"Oh, all right, Captain Ward. Thank you," quickly answered Sue, understanding what Bunny meant. If you were pretending, you must do it in everything. And since she was pretending to be a grown-up passenger she would not, naturally, have a doll. But she could make believe her doll was her little girl. "I'll go and get my daughter now." She had already taken her place on the "ship," but now, as she was about to get off, she remembered that the grass was "water."

"How am I going to get my daughter?" she asked. "I can't jump into the ocean to go for her," and she pointed to the grass.

"That's so," agreed Bunny. "Wait! I'll steer the ship up to the pier and you can go ashore there and get your daughter. Look out now, hold tight! We're going fast! Toot! Toot!"

Sue held "tight," and though of course the plank and the boxes did not move from the

place where they had formerly been part of the "store," still to the children it was as if they were sailing on the rolling ocean.

"Whoa!" suddenly called Bunny. "We're at the pier now," he added to his sister. "You can go ashore and get your doll—I mean your daughter," he quickly corrected himself.

Sue began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked Bunny. He did not like to have his sister laugh when he was pretending in real earnest.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Sue. "You told the ship to whoa like a horse. You shouldn't say whoa to a ship. You've got to tell it to halt, Bunny Brown."

Then Bunny saw he had made a mistake. But in turn he laughed at Sue.

"You don't say halt to a ship," he declared. "You only say halt to soldiers, and we aren't playing soldiers."

"Well, anyhow, you don't say whoa to a ship," declared Sue.

"No, I guess you don't," admitted Bunny. "Well, anyhow, the ship has stopped and we're at Pier Number Three and you can go

ashore without getting in the water now and bring your daughter on board," he said.

"All right," Sue agreed.

So she again stepped in the grass, but this time it was not water, but the floor boards of the pier, so of course she could not get wet. Up to the house she ran to get one of her dolls, and soon she was back on board the *Beacon*. She found Bunny making a loud hissing noise.

"What you doing?" Sue asked. "Are you playing wild animals? You sound like a snake. I don't want to play wild animals. I want to play ship."

"I am playing ship," declared Bunny. "I'm the engine blowing off steam. Don't you know steam when you hear it?"

"Oh, if it's steam, all right," agreed Sue. "I thought you were a snake."

"All aboard!" cried Bunny Brown. "Toot! Toot! All aboard!"

Again Sue stepped on the grass, which was not water because it was a pier, and soon she was in her box cabin.

Bunny started the ship off once more, hissing to show that steam was blowing out of the

pipes and now and then whistling to tell other ships to get out of his path.

Sue held her "daughter" in her arms and pretended to show her whales and sharks as they sailed along the grassy-green rolling ocean.

Pretty soon Bunny left his place in the forward box and walked back along the plank toward his sister Sue. Bunny held out his hand to Sue as if he wanted something.

"What do you want, Captain Ward?" asked the little girl.

"I'm not Captain Ward now," Bunny answered. "I'm the conductor and I want your ticket."

"They don't have conductors on ships," retorted Sue. "They have conductors on trolley cars and steam cars."

"Well, I'm the ticket-taker, anyhow, and you've got to give me a ticket or I'll put you off the ship," announced Bunny.

"Oh, all right, I'll give you a ticket," agreed Sue.

She put her hand in her pocket and pulled out one of the green leaves which a little while

before she had used as money when she and Bunny were playing store.

"There's my ticket," said the little girl.

"Yes," agreed her brother, looking closely at it, "I see it's a ticket all right. You're going to the West Indies, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Sue, "to the West Indies."

Bunny punched the ticket by putting a hole in the leaf with a small twig. Then he held out his hand again. :

"What you want now?" asked Sue. "I gave you my ticket." =

"I must have a ticket for that child," said Bunny sternly. "She's more'n five years old."

Once he had been on a street car with his mother and he had heard the conductor say this to a woman with a little girl.

"Yes, Annabell is more'n five years old," Sue said. "But I didn't know I had to have a ticket for her."

"Well, you have to," declared Bunny.

"Oh, all right," agreed Sue, and she handed out another green leaf.

Bunny tore the leaf in two and gave Sue back a part of it.

"What's this for—my change?" she asked.

"It takes only a half ticket for little girls," announced Bunny, as he punched half the leaf with his twig-puncher. "I hope you have a nice trip to the West Indies," he said to passenger Sue.

"I hope so," echoed the little girl. "Do you think it will be very rough on the rolling ocean, Captain Ward?" she asked, for now Bunny, being back in his steering box, was in command of the ship.

"Yes, we may have a very bad storm," he said. "But don't be afraid, Mrs. Anderson, I'll bring you and your daughter safe to the West Indies."

"I'm glad of that," returned Sue politely.

So the children played, having much fun on the "steamboat" they had made so simply out of a plank and some boxes. They sailed to the West Indies and back. Then they made a trip to the north pole, and, landing there, Bunny and Sue, though under an apple tree, played they were in one of the igloos, or snow huts, of the Eskimos.

All the rest of the day the children played

at one game or another, and when night came they were tired and ready to go to sleep.

"Is Mr. Pott any worse?" asked Bunny, as he and Sue were getting ready for bed that night.

"No, I think he isn't any worse," his mother answered. "But he doesn't seem to be any better, either. Dr. Rudd, who was here a while ago, will see him again in the morning."

"He didn't find his lost son or the treasure, did he?" Sue wanted to know.

"No, dear. Now go to bed and don't think any more about it."

"I'm going to think of the fun we'll have on the rolling ocean," said Bunny Brown.

"So'm I," murmured his sister Sue.

"Yes, that will be best," their mother told them.

The children looked in at Mr. Pott the next morning, but he lay with eyes closed and did not see them. Then Bunny and Sue went to the store for their mother. They were gone about an hour. When they came back they saw Uncle Tad opening the windows in the room where the sick man had been. And they

could look in and see that Mr. Pott was no longer on the couch.

"Where's he gone?" cried Bunny.
"Where's Mr. Pott?"

"He has gone away," said Mrs. Brown.
"Dr. Rudd came and found that the poor man was much worse, so he decided to send him to the hospital. He can be better taken care of there than here. They took him to the hospital while you were at the store."

"Oh!" murmured Bunny Brown. After a moment he asked: "Could we go to the hospital to see him?"

"Some time, I guess—maybe," answered Mrs. Brown. But she was so busy that she hardly knew what she was saying.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE HOSPITAL

BUNNY and Sue were so fond of playing and had so many things to do, and their chums came into the yard and they all had such good times playing steamboat again, that the little boy and girl did not think much more about Mr. Pott and his missing son and treasure. In fact, Bunny and Sue did not again remember about Mr. Pott until one day when they happened to be out under one of the apple trees on which the fruit was still green, for this was early summer.

Then, as Bunny saw some of the fruit which had been blown by the wind down on the ground, a sudden idea came to him.

"Oh, Sue!" he cried. "I know what we can do!"

"What?" asked the little girl, always ready to follow the lead of her brother.

"We can go to the hospital!" announced Bunny.

"Why do we want to go to the hospital?" asked Sue. "You aren't sick and I don't need a doctor."

"We can go to the hospital to see Mr. Pott," went on Bunny. "Always, when anybody is sick, people go to the hospital to see them—I mean well people, and we're well. We can take things to the hospital for Mr. Pott."

"What can we take him?" asked Sue, falling in with the idea.

"Apples," announced Bunny. "Always they take fruit to folks that are sick in the hospital."

"Yes, and flowers, too," said Sue. "Once Sadie West's mother was sick in the hospital and Sadie took her flowers."

"Sure, we can take flowers, too," agreed Bunny. "There are flowers growing over there," and he pointed to a distant meadow gay with dandelions and daisies. "You pick a lot of flowers, Sue, and I'll get some of these apples and we'll take them to Mr. Pott in the hospital. In a basket," he added. "You have

to take stuff to people in a hospital in a basket. I'll get a basket."

"And I'll pick the flowers," agreed Sue. "Oh, this'll be lots of fun, won't it, Bunny?"

"Lots of fun," agreed the little boy. "Mr. Pott'll be glad to get the apples and the flowers."

Sue crawled through the fence to go to the meadow to pick a bouquet of daisies and dandelions while Bunny ran back to the house to get a basket. He met Bunker Blue who had been sent to the house by Mr. Brown on an errand.

"Hello, Bunker!" called Bunny to the big, red-haired youth.

"Hello," answered Bunker. "Going fishing, Bunny?" he asked when he saw the basket which the little boy had found in the woodshed. It was a basket used to bring chips into the house for starting the fire.

"No, I'm not going fishing," gravely answered Bunny, as he started back to the apple tree.

"Where are you going then?" Bunker Blue wanted to know.

"To the hospital," was the answer.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the fish boy. "You aren't sick! What are you going to the hospital for?" As Bunny kept on without answering, Bunker said to himself: "I guess he was making believe as he and Sue are always doing. Going to the hospital! Ho! ho! That's pretty good!" He did not really think Bunny meant what he had said.

But Bunny and Sue were very much in earnest. The little boy reached the apple tree and, looking over in the meadow, saw his sister gathering the flowers.

"Pick a nice bouquet," he called to her.

"I will," she answered. "I found some buttercups, too."

"That's good," said Bunny. "Buttercups are good for sick folks in hospitals. I'll put all the apples I can find in the basket."

The apples on the ground were mostly those that were wormy, which was the reason they had fallen from the tree so early. And looking at some of this fruit Bunny decided it was not very nice.

"But there are nice apples up on the tree,"

he said to himself. "I'm going to climb up and pick some."

The apple tree was a low one, and to as active a boy as was Bunny Brown it was not at all hard to climb. So up he scrambled, leaving his basket on the ground.

Pretty soon Sue, having picked as many dandelions, buttercups and daisies as her hands would hold, crawled back under the fence. She looked beneath the apple tree for Bunny, but did not see him.

"Bunny! Bunny! Where are you?" she called. "I see your basket but I don't see you!"

Just then a good, green apple fell at Sue's feet. By good is meant that the apple was not wormy, though it was not ripe, either. As Sue saw and heard the apple fall she looked up, saying:

"Oh, it nearly hit me!"

She saw the branches and leaves rustling and then her brother's voice called:

"I'm up here, Sue. I'm picking better apples for Mr. Pott. Those on the ground are wormy."

"Oh, I'm glad you're up there," Sue said. "I thought maybe you'd run home. Anyway, there's a cow over where I picked the flowers. Maybe she'll hook me."

"Cows don't hook people," announced Bunny, as he picked some apples and put them in his pocket, now and then losing his hold on one so that it fell to the ground. "Only bulls hook people," said the little fellow. "Cows don't."

"Well, anyhow, she's shaking her horns at me," replied Sue. "Maybe she doesn't like it that I picked flowers in her meadow."

"Oh, I guess she doesn't care," stated Bunny. "Look out now, I'm coming down."

Sue stood out of the way and Bunny scrambled from the tree. He had plenty of green apples now, and with those picked off the ground, using only the best of them, and with Sue's flowers, the basket was now quite filled.

"We'll go to the hospital now," said Bunny, as he and Sue stuck the daisies, buttercups and dandelions in among the apples. "Mr. Pott will be glad to see us."

"Yes, I guess he will," agreed Sue.

There was only one hospital in Bellemere, and the children knew where it was, as it was not far from their house. So they walked along toward it, turning from the orchard out into a side street, which did not take them past their home. If they had gone past carrying that queer looking basket of fruit and flowers and if Mrs. Brown had seen them, she would very likely not have let them go.

As it was, Bunny and Sue tramped along the streets, and more than one man and woman turned to look at the two pretty children for they made a beautiful picture, carrying the basket between them.

When Bunny and Sue made up their minds to do anything, they went right ahead with it. They were not bashful or afraid. Just now their minds were so filled with doing what they thought was a kindness to Mr. Pott that there was not any room for thoughts of being afraid.

So they marched boldly up the front steps of the hospital and into the reception room, where a pleasant-faced nurse, wearing a white uniform and a white cap, met them.

"How do you do, children," she greeted them.

"Hello," answered Bunny Brown.

"We have come—we've come to your hospital," added Sue.

"Oh, have you?" asked the nurse, smiling. "Well, we're glad to see you. But you don't look as if you needed hospital treatment; either of you."

"Oh, no'm, we aren't sick!" Bunny made haste to say. "But Mr. Pott's sick, and we brought him something to eat."

"The apples are to eat," quickly said Sue, lest a mistake be made and the flowers served as a meal. "We brought the apples for Mr. Pott to eat, and he can smell the flowers. But if he gets them too near his nose they'll make his nose yellow, the buttercups will. My nose is yellow—look!" and she held her nose up to the nurse.

"Oh, yes, I see your nose is a little yellow," and the nurse laughed quietly. "How did it happen?"

"I smelled a buttercup too close," said Sue. "Mr. Pott's nose will be yellow, too."

"Yes, if he smells a buttercup it will," agreed the nurse.

"Where is he?" asked Bunny. "If you'll tell us, if you please," he added, remembering his manners, "we'll take these apples up to him, and the flowers, too."

"The flowers ought to be put in water," put in Sue.

"Yes, I suppose they ought," agreed the nurse. "If you will give your basket to me I will see that the flowers are put in water and placed in Mr. Pott's room. He'll like them, I'm sure."

"He'll like the apples, too," said Bunny.

To this the nurse made no answer. But as she looked at the green fruit in the basket she could not help laughing, though she took care not to let Bunny or Sue see her mirth. The children were taken in charge by another nurse who entered just then and to whom the first nurse explained matters.

"They want to see Mr. Pott?" said this nurse, who was called Miss Mantin.

"I don't know who they are, but they brought some fruit and flowers. I'll take care

of the basket," said the first nurse, glancing at the second nurse and picking up one of the green apples.

"Yes, put the fruit away for him. He couldn't eat it just now, for he had some lunch only a little while ago," Miss Mantin said to Bunny and Sue. "But the flowers can go right up to his bedside. He will like to look at them. And now, whose children are you? Is Mr. Pott your father?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Sue.

"I'm Bunny Brown and this is my sister Sue," explained the little boy.

"Oh, yes, now I remember. It was from your house that Mr. Pott was brought here," said the second nurse, Miss Mantin, who was in charge of the hospital. "Well, I think you can see Mr. Pott for just a few moments. He is very ill and not altogether right in his head. Sometimes he wanders in his talk. But he may know you when he sees you. Come along."

"Shouldn't we give him the apples and flowers?" asked Sue.

"Miss Wilson, the nurse you met first, will

attend to that," said the manager, and she smiled a little.

"Has Mr. Pott's son Harry come to see him yet?" asked Bunny, as he and his sister followed the manager along the clean halls.

"No one has been to see him yet except the doctor," was the answer. "I didn't know he had a son Harry."

"He has. He was lost in a wreck, and so was the treasure lost," explained Bunny.

"Oh, that's too bad," remarked Miss Mantin, the manager.

She led the children upstairs to a clean, white room, where, in a clean, white bed lay the man who had been tossed off his horse and hurt. Another nurse was coming out of the room as the children and Miss Mantin approached.

"Is Mr. Pott able to see any one, Miss Wentworth?" asked Miss Mantin.

"I think so," was the answer. "He has been talking to me and seems some better."

Bunny and Sue were led into the room. Mr. Pott looked at them, but he did not seem to remember them.

"Where did you come from?" he asked them.

"Why, don't you know us?" asked Sue. "You fell off your horse in our yard."

"Oh, yes," said the man in a weak voice. "I know something happened to my horse. But you aren't my son Harry, are you?" he asked Bunny. "No, you can't be my son—he's much bigger than you!" went on Mr. Pott before Sue's brother had a chance to answer. "My son was on the schooner *Mary Bell* when she foundered. Harry was sick and I guess he didn't get off. He wasn't in my boat, but maybe another boat picked him up. Poor Harry! He's gone, and so is my treasure. Harry was lost in the West Indies."

Bunny and Sue started and looked surprised as they heard the name of these islands. Miss Mantin saw this and asked:

"Do you know this man's son, children?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Bunny. "But we're going to the West Indies on a steamboat soon."

"Maybe we could find his son!" added Sue.

"Oh, Bunny, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could?"

"Yes," agreed Bunny, "very wonderful!"

Then a change came over Mr. Pott. He tossed restlessly on the bed and cried out:

"Avast! Belay there! Drop the anchor! We're sinking! Where are you, Harry? Save the treasure!"

"He is out of his mind again," said the nurse softly. "You had better go home, children."

CHAPTER VI

OFF ON THE TRIP

FEELING very sorry for Mr. Pott, Bunny and Sue walked down the stairs and toward the front door of the hospital. They had done their best to be kind to him by bringing him fruit and flowers. True, the apples were green and the sick man could not eat them, but Bunny and Sue did not know this. The nurses did not tell them, for they did not want the children to feel disappointed.

But the flowers were all right to go in the sick man's room, and a little later the buttercups, daisies and dandelions were put in a vase with water at the stems and placed on the table near Mr. Pott's bed.

"Do you children know your way home alone?" asked Miss Wilson, as she let Bunny and Sue out of the hospital.

"Yes, thank you," answered Bunny.

"Shall we come to-morrow and bring Mr. Pott some more apples and more flowers?" asked Sue.

"Oh, no, I think not, dear," the nurse answered. "You brought him enough apples to last a week. Though the day after to-morrow, if you wish, you may bring more flowers. I think he will like them."

"We'll bring two baskets full," offered Bunny, swinging in his hand the wood basket, which had been emptied and given back to him.

"Oh, one basket will be plenty," said the nurse, laughing. "Good-by!"

"Good-by," echoed Sue.

"We'll come back day after to-morrow," promised Bunny.

But that was not to be, for when that day came Bunny and his sister had started on their trip to the rolling ocean.

"Where in the world have you children been?" asked Mrs. Brown a little later, when Bunny and Sue walked in the front gate.

"We've been to the hospital," answered Bunny.

"Where?" asked his mother, in surprise.

"To the hospital to see Mr. Pott. We took him some nice apples and buttercups," explained Sue.

"Good land!" cried Bunker Blue, who was working around the yard. "I heard them say they were going to the hospital," he told Mrs. Brown, "but I thought it was only one of their make-believe games."

"We truly went to the hospital, and we saw Mr. Pott," went on Bunny. "But he talks funny, so we came away."

"Of all things!" cried Mrs. Brown. "What will you two do next? But don't try to think up any queer things to do," she was quick to say. "I've been looking for you to have you get ready to go with your father and me on the ocean trip."

"Oh, on the rolling ocean!" cried Bunny Brown.

"Are we going now?" asked Sue eagerly. "If we are I must see which of my dolls I'm going to take."

"No, we aren't going now," answered her mother, with a smile. "But your father tele-

phoned a little while ago that we would start for Philadelphia the day after to-morrow. So I must get ready sooner than I thought I would need to. That's why I was looking for you children. But I never imagined you had gone to the hospital. How is Mr. Pott?"

"He's better," said Sue.

"He's worse," said Bunny. "He kind of thought I was his lost son, Harry, until he saw I wasn't big enough."

"Poor man," sighed Mrs. Brown. "I hope he will find his son."

"And the treasure," added Bunny.

"Yes, and the treasure, too," said his mother. "I don't know what sort of treasure it is, but I hope he'll find it."

"Maybe it's a box of gold, like in the fairy story," said Sue.

"Or diamonds," added Bunny. "But, Mother," he asked, "why are we going to Philadelphia? I thought we were going on the rolling ocean."

"We are," answered Mrs. Brown. "But to get on the ocean we have to go on board a ship—the *Beacon*, with Captain Ward in

charge. And as the *Beacon* sails from Philadelphia, we must go to that city to get on board. So we are going to leave for Philadelphia day after to-morrow and then the next day we shall be on the *Beacon*."

"Hurrray!" cried Bunny Brown. "What fun we'll have!"

"Lots of fun!" echoed Sue.

The remainder of the day was a busy one in the Brown home, for Mrs. Brown had to look over and sort the clothes she was to take for the children. Sue saw her fur coat in her closet.

"Oh, I want to take that!" she cried.

"Nonsense!" laughed her mother. "Remember we are going to the West Indies—down south where it is very warm. You'd never want to wear fur there."

"But if we went to the north pole we'd want fur, shouldn't we?" asked Bunny.

"I guess you would," said his mother, with a laugh.

The following day was busier than ever in the Brown home. The family was to start early the next morning on the train for Phila-

delphia, and everything must be in readiness the night before.

So valises were packed, the trunks were sent on ahead, and in the afternoon Bunny and Sue went about saying good-by to their playmates.

"Do alligators grow down in the West Indies?" asked George Watson of Bunny.

"I guess so," was the answer. "Why?"

"Because I wish you'd bring me back one, if you can," said George.

"I will," promised Bunny, though he had not the least idea in the world how to catch alligators.

"Just a little one," added George. "I guess maybe my mother wouldn't let me keep a big one in the house."

"I'll bring you a little one," said Bunny.

When Sue went to say good-by to Helen Newton that little girl said:

"Will you see any orange blossoms down south, Sue?"

"Oh, yes," Sue answered, for she remembered having seen those wonderful and sweetly perfumed flowers when she and Bunny were in the sunny south the other time.

"Please bring me some orange blossoms," begged Helen.

"I will," said Sue.

"You see, one of my dolls is going to be married," explained Helen, "and I want the orange blossoms for her veil."

"Just like your cousin Louise when she was married last week!" exclaimed Sue.

That afternoon Mr. Brown paid a visit to the hospital where Mr. Pott had been taken.

"He's a very sick man," said Dr. Rudd. "He was more badly hurt in his fall from the horse than I thought at first. But the worst of it is that he has some worry on his mind. It's about his lost son and a missing treasure, as he calls it. If he could find his son or hear from him and get back this treasure, he would get well much more quickly."

"I'm afraid he'll never get either," said Mr. Brown. "People lost in a shipwreck are seldom found again. And since Mr. Pott doesn't seem to know where his treasure was lost, there is no way of finding it for him."

"I suppose not," said Dr. Rudd. "But he'd get well more quickly if his mind was easier."

Bunny and Sue hardly slept that last night, so eager were they to start on this trip, and they were up early in the morning. At the last minute Bunny dragged out his Christmas drum and wanted to take that along.

"No, no! You can't take that!" said his father.

"I want it to scare alligators with," said Bunny.

"What does the child mean—scare alligators?" asked his mother.

"I'm going to catch a little alligator for George Watson," explained Bunny. "When I'm catching a little alligator I want to drum and scare the big ones away."

"I don't believe you'll be able to catch any alligators!" laughed Mr. Brown. "Leave the drum at home, Bunny. We only have two small staterooms on the *Beacon* and there isn't much space for drums and things like that."

"Can't I take my doll?" asked Sue.

"Oh, yes, bring your doll," said her mother.

"And I'm going to take my flashlight," said Bunny.

"Yes, anything like that which you can put

in your pocket is all right," admitted his father.

Bunker Blue drove the automobile carrying the Brown family down to the railroad station where they were to take an early morning train to Philadelphia. They had a little time to wait, and Bunny and Sue ran up and down the station platform while their father and mother talked with some friends whom they met. Finally a long, shrill whistle was heard.

"Here comes the train," called Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, goodie! Goodie!" shouted Sue, jumping up and down.

"Now we'll soon be on the rolling ocean!" cried Bunny.

Mr. Brown helped Bunny and Sue up the steps and then assisted his wife. He carried the valises into the car which was not so crowded but what there was room for the Browns to get two seats near together.

"Good-by! Good-by!" called Mrs. Brown out of the open window to a number of friends who had come to bid her good-by.

"Good-by!" answered the ladies on the platform.

"Hope you have a good time down there," called some of Mr. Brown's friends to him.

"We'll try," he replied.

The engineer blew his whistle again and the train began to pull slowly out of the station. Mrs. Brown drew her head in from the window and looked at the seat in front of her where she had put her little girl and boy. Sue was there, but Bunny was not!

"Where is Bunny?" asked his mother as the train began to move faster and faster. "Was he left behind?"

CHAPTER VII

ABOARD THE "BEACON"

MR. BROWN, who had been waving farewell to some of his friends on the station platform, turned toward his wife as he heard her voice and asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Bunny is gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes! He was in his seat with Sue a moment ago. He must have got off the train to see some of his boy friends. Quick, Walter, go and get him!"

Mr. Brown darted for the door, but paused a moment to ask Sue:

"Did Bunny go out?"

"I didn't see him," Sue answered.

But then she had been looking out of the window and would not have noticed what her brother did. Mr. Brown gave a quick glance about the car. Bunny was not in sight and

the train was now pulling rapidly out of the station.

Then a man, who was sitting just behind Mrs. Brown, said:

"I saw a little boy go out of that door. Perhaps he may be the one you are looking for."

"Oh, yes, I guess he is!" gasped Sue's mother. "Bunny is always doing such strange things!"

By this time Mr. Brown was near the door leading out to the front platform of that car in which the Browns were traveling. But before his father could step outside in came Bunny.

"Where have you been, Bunny?" cried his mother.

"Just out on the platform," he replied. "Why?"

"You shouldn't go out on the platform when the train is moving," chided his father. "You might be jolted off."

"The train wasn't moving when I went out there," explained the little boy, as he went to his seat beside his sister. "I came in as soon as it began to move."

"Why did you go outside?" asked Bunny's father.

"I wanted to throw away my chewing gum," he explained. "I got through with it, and I thought maybe if I dropped it on the floor of the car somebody would step on it. So I went outside to throw it away."

"Well, that was a right thing to do," said Mr. Brown. "But it would have been safer to have thrown it out of a window. Don't go out on the platform again."

"No, sir, I won't," promised the little boy.

The excitement was over, and the Browns began to enjoy the train ride. Of course it was more fun for Bunny and Sue than it was for their parents, since the little ones had not traveled as much as had the older folks.

The ride to Philadelphia took all the morning and part of the afternoon, but the day was broken in a very delightful way, for the children, at least, when they went to the dining car for lunch.

"I love to eat in a car, don't you, Bunny?" whispered Sue.

"Yes," he answered. "It's fun to see the

trees go whizzing by and the telegraph poles skip along while you're eating."

The travelers reached the Broad street station in Philadelphia about three o'clock, and Bunny and Sue looked about them in wonder at the big train shed into which the engine pulled them. It was noisy, smoky, and dirty, and they were glad to get out of it into the open air. Across the street from the station was a great building.

"That is the Philadelphia city hall," explained Mr. Brown. "On top, though you can't see it from here, is a big statue of William Penn who years ago helped settle Pennsylvania, which is the state we are now in."

"That's a funny city hall," exclaimed Bunny. "Look, there's a street going right under it, and automobiles, too!"

"That's queer—a street under a building!" said Sue.

"The city hall is so large that it is built right over the sidewalk," explained Mr. Brown, "and, as you say, Bunny, a street, or an alley, runs beneath it. Now come around this way."

"Oh, look at the pigeons!" cried Bunny as he ran on ahead around one corner of the building. Here was a plaza and here and there were statues of famous men on pedestals. Flying in the air overhead or flocking down on the sidewalk to pick up grains and nuts scattered by bird-lovers were scores of pigeons. They were so tame that one of them flew down on a man's arm and picked grains of wheat from his open hand.

"Oh, aren't they cute!" cried Sue.

"I wish I could feed them," said Bunny.

"Here you are, children. Give them some of my grains," offered the man of whom the birds did not seem in the least afraid. He poured into the outstretched palms of Bunny and Sue some wheat from a bag he carried. Then, as the children held out their hands, the pigeons circled around them and one finally perched on Bunny's wrist and began picking up the grains.

"Oh, I wish I had one!" cried Sue.

A moment later her wish was granted, for down flew a beautiful white bird and, cooing away, perched on Sue's arm. Then, as she

trembled with delight and held out her hand with the wheat in it, the pigeon began to eat the grains.

"Well, I think we have been here long enough," said Mr. Brown to his wife and children. "Come! We must go on to the hotel now."

"Oh, are we going to stay at a hotel?" cried Bunny, for his pigeon, having eaten all the grains from the little boy's hand, had now flown away.

"Yes, we shall stay at a hotel to-night and go on board the *Beacon* in the morning," explained Mr. Brown. "It is rather late to go on her now. As it is, we shall be on board long enough. I think one more night in a comfortable big bed will be best for all of us."

"Won't there be any beds on the ship?" Sue wanted to know. "Do we have to sit up all night?"

"Oh, no, we'll go to bed, of course," said her mother with a laugh. "But daddy means on the ship there isn't as much room as we have at home or in a hotel. We shall have to

live in small staterooms, and the beds are more like shelves on the wall than real beds."

"I know!" cried Bunny. "They're bunks, like we slept in when we went to the sugar camp."

"Something like that, yes," agreed his father.

Having shown the children the city hall, which was the reason he did not at once take a taxicab at the station, Mr. Brown now called one of the swift little autos and soon he and his family were in a fine hotel on one of the main streets of Philadelphia.

If they had not been so eager to get on board the ship, so they might begin voyaging on the rolling ocean, Bunny and Sue would have enjoyed their stay at the hotel much more.

As it was, they liked the place well enough and thought the big dining room wonderfully fine, brilliant as it was with lights while soft music played.

Going back to their own floor, Bunny, walking along the corridor, saw near the room where he was to sleep with his father a little

red box with a glass door. Hanging by a short chain to the box was a little hammer.

"Oh, what's that?" asked Bunny, pointing to it. "Is the little hammer there so they can see who can break the glass first? Let me try!" he begged, reaching up toward the red box. "I'll break it!"

"No, indeed! Don't touch that!" cried Bunny's father, holding him back. "That's a fire alarm. There is a hook to pull down, which makes a bell ring and gives the alarm. The glass is over the hook so it can't be so easily pulled. But in case of fire the glass is to be broken with the little hammer and the hook pulled down. We don't want any fire alarms now, Bunny."

"Well, but if there is a fire, can I break the glass and send in the alarm?" the little boy wanted to know.

"I guess so. Yes, if you see the fire first," laughed his father.

"We don't want any fires, though," said Mrs. Brown. "We'll hope, Bunny, that you'll not have a chance to send in the alarm."

Though feeling a little strange at first in

their hotel beds, Bunny and Sue at last fell asleep and did not awaken until their father and mother called them in the morning. After breakfast they took another taxicab to the wharf where the *Beacon* was tied up.

"Oh, she's a nice ship!" exclaimed Bunny, getting his first glimpse of the steamer that was to be their home for several weeks.

"It's bigger than our play boat," said Sue.

"And it's got real water around it!" added Bunny.

"I should think it would have," said his mother. "A big ship like the *Beacon* couldn't very well sail on a grass plot as your pretend boat sails at home."

"That water is the Delaware River," explained Mr. Brown. "We shall go down the river in a little while."

"Oh, aren't we going on the rolling ocean?" asked Bunny, in disappointed tones.

"Yes," answered his father. "The Delaware River empties into the ocean. We shall be on the big waves soon enough, don't worry!"

This pleased the children, and they walked up the gangplank and on board the *Beacon*.

"Glad to see you," said Captain Ward, who knew Mr. Brown. "I'll call a steward and have him take you to your staterooms."

"Oh, what cute little cabins!" cried Sue, as she looked in the one where she and her mother were to sleep.

"Look! There are bunks!" called Bunny, pointing to the beds fastened one above the other against the wall.

Then, as the steward was pointing out places for them to stow away their luggage, the ship began to tremble and seemed to be moving.

"Oh, are we going to start so soon?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Why, our trunks aren't on board! Do stop the ship, Walter! Don't let it go!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE ROLLING OCEAN

BUNNY and Sue were excited when they heard what their mother said about the ship, and they, too, thought it ought not to be allowed to start so soon. Mr. Brown looked at the steward and the man smiled.

"The ship isn't going yet—not for several hours," the steward said. "You will have plenty of time to get your luggage on board."

"It feels as if it were going," remarked Bunny.

"It's—now—jiggily like," Sue said.

"They're trying the engines," explained the steward. "The ship is still fast in the dock, but the engineer wants to make sure everything is all right, so he has started the machinery."

"Oh," said Bunny Brown.

"Oh," said sister Sue.

Then Bunny looked across the stateroom toward a round opening in the side and said:

"We aren't moving. I can tell by looking out of the window."

"Yes, that's a good way to make sure—look from a porthole," said the steward.

"What's a porthole?" asked Sue.

"That, which Bunny called a window," explained her father. "On a ship many things have different names from those on shore, though they may be the same."

"Well, if we aren't going off without our trunks it will be all right," said Mrs. Brown, with a smile. "Now that we are here we might as well settle a little, I suppose. Are we going ashore again?" she asked her husband.

"I think not," he answered. "How soon do we start?" he inquired from the steward.

"In about three hours, I think."

"Then we won't go ashore," decided Mrs. Brown. "I'll put some more suitable clothes on Bunny and Sue so they can romp around, as I know they want to."

"I'm going down to see the engines!" cried

Bunny, as his mother opened a valise that contained his clothes.

"And I'm going to take my doll up and show her the fishes," added Sue.

"Better wait a while," said her father, with a laugh. "I don't believe there are any fishes in this part of the Delaware River, so close to Philadelphia. As for you going to the engine room, Bunny, you must wait until I can go with you."

"All right," agreed the little boy and girl. There was plenty to see and do in other places on the *Beacon*, they thought.

Going up on deck after they had donned clothes more suitable for play than those they had worn on the journey, Bunny and Sue saw many busy scenes. Men were loading boxes and barrels into the holds of the ship. Other men were coming on board, hurrying off, and then coming back on again. Captain Ward was upon the bridge, as it is called, a high, narrow place near the front, or bow, of the ship, from which the vessel is steered.

There was so much going on that the time passed very quickly for Bunny and Sue, and

in what seemed about half an hour since they had come on board they heard shouts of:

"All ashore that's going ashore!"

"What does he mean?" asked Bunny of his father, pointing to a sailor who was thus calling.

"He means the ship is going to start soon," explained Mr. Brown, "and that those who aren't sailing on her will have to go on shore or they will be carried away."

"Then, in a little while, we'll be on the rolling ocean—the rolling ocean!" cried Bunny, and he walked about the deck with that funny, heaving motion of his shoulders. "That's how it will be when we get on the rolling ocean," he explained to his sister.

"Shall I have to walk like that?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Bunny.

"Shall I, Daddy?" Sue appealed to her father.

"Of course not!" he answered, with a laugh. "Though, of course, when we get out where the waves are big the ship will not be as calm and steady as she is now at her dock."

However, neither Bunny nor Sue thought

long about this, for there was so much else to take up their attention. They watched and saw the big hawsers, or ropes that moored the ship to the pier, cast off. Then the *Beacon* trembled and shook again as her big engines began to work, and, slowly at first, but growing faster and faster as she gathered speed, the vessel glided away from the wharf.

"Hurray! Now we're going!" cried Bunny Brown.

"Now we're going!" echoed his sister Sue.

Steaming down the Delaware River, with Philadelphia on one side and the New Jersey city of Camden on the other side, is not very exciting. True, there was plenty to look at, from the big buildings of Philadelphia on one hand to the many river boats on the other. So Bunny and Sue kept their eyes busy.

Mr. Brown found some members of the fish company, with whom he talked. Mrs. Brown met some of these men's wives. One of the ladies had been in the West Indies before, and she told Mrs. Brown of the sights to be seen there.

Bunny and Sue, left to themselves, wan-

dered here and there about the deck. Bunny grew a little impatient, for the ship, moving down the river, was as steady as a ferryboat and did not roll as he thought it ought.

In and out among other craft on the river the *Beacon* threaded her course, now and then blowing her big whistle to warn other boats which way she was going to steer.

"Do you like it here, Sue?" asked Bunny.

"Lots! Don't you?" replied the little girl.

"Yes. But when we get down on the big ocean the boat will roll more and I'm going to catch some fish."

"How are you going to catch any fish? You haven't any pole."

"You don't have to use a pole," explained Bunny. "You just drop your line over the edge of the boat, like this."

From his pocket he pulled a ball of cord which he unwound. Then from the edge of his blouse he took a pin, which he bent up until it looked like a fishhook. Bunny tied the string to the head of the pin, and then he fastened to the string near the pin a button which he pulled off his knickerbockers.

"Oh, you shouldn't have pulled off that button!" gasped Sue. "Mother won't like it!"

"It was almost off, anyhow," explained Bunny. "It was just hanging by a thread, and it has to be sewed on, anyhow. I'll give it to mother and let her fix it on again. I had to have something for a weight on my fishline."

"You can't catch any fish on a bent-pin hook," declared Sue. "I tried it in the brook at home, and I never caught any fish—'cept maybe a little, teeny one."

"I'm not going really to fish with this bent pin," Bunny said. "I'm just showing you how I'm going to do it when we get on the rolling ocean. Daddy will give me a real hook when we get there. He didn't want me to keep one in my pocket, for it might stick into me."

"Fishhooks are terribly sticky," agreed Sue. "I don't like 'em much."

"I do," declared her brother.

"I guess fish don't like 'em, either," went on Sue.

"Fish have to be caught," said Bunny. "I guess the hook doesn't hurt 'em very much. But this is how I'm going to fish."



W.S. ROGERS.

THEY WALKED UP THE GANGPLANK.

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on the Rolling Ocean.

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He dropped his bent-pin hook and button-weighted line over the rail of the ship from the upper deck, on which he and Sue had been looking at the shores of the river on either side. The string unwound from the ball in Bunny's hand.

Suddenly a queer look came over the little boy's face. The string tightened in his hand and when he tried gently to pull the hook and button up the cord did not move.

"What's the matter?" asked Sue.

"I—I guess I got a bite!" cried Bunny. "I didn't think I could catch a fish here with a bent pin, and I didn't put any bait on, but I guess I caught something!"

"Pull up!" cried Sue.

"I will," said Bunny, and he did.

But no sooner had he begun to haul in on his line than a man's voice shouted from the deck below him:

"Hi there! What you doing? Who's playing tricks?"

Sue leaned over the rail and looked down.

"Oh, Bunny Brown," she cried, with a laugh, "you've caught a man's hat!"

"What?" shouted Bunny.

"You caught a man's hat!" repeated his sister.

Bunny ceased to pull in on his cord and also leaned over the rail. Caught on his pin was a sailor's white hat with its turned-up brim. And reaching up, trying to get back his hat which was being lifted away from him, was a sailor.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped Bunny when he saw what had happened. "I—I didn't mean to do that."

"All right! I'll excuse you!" laughed the sailor. "Lower away now, my lad!"

Bunny did not know exactly what this meant, but he guessed the sailor wanted him to let the cord unwind again so the hat would go down, and this Bunny did. Looking over the rail, he and Sue saw the sailor unhook his hat from the bent pin, put the hat on his head, and then, still laughing, go about his work.

The dangling hooked pin, weighted by the button, had caught under the brim of the sail-

or's hat as he leaned over near the rail on the deck below, and Bunny had really made a catch, though it was not a fish.

"You'd better not try to catch anything more," advised Sue.

"I guess I hadn't," agreed Bunny, as he took the pin off the string, wound the latter back into a ball and put it in his pocket. He also put the button in his pocket, intending to ask his mother to sew it on later. The bent pin he threw away.

Bunny and Sue continued to play about the deck while the *Beacon* steamed her way down the Delaware River, toward Delaware Bay, whence she would get into the Atlantic Ocean. After a while the children decided to play hide-and-seek, and Bunny said he would hide first.

Sue covered her eyes and began to count so as to give her brother a chance to find a good hiding place. And at last, having waited as long as she thought was proper, Sue called:

"Ready or not, I'm coming."

Opening her eyes, she began to search for

Bunny. There were many places where he might hide, new and strange places on the deck of the steamer.

Sue looked in many of these without finding Bunny. She was going to "give up" when, as she was standing near a big coil of rope, she heard what sounded like a sneeze half held back.

"Oh!" cried Sue. Standing on her tiptoes she looked over and down into the coil of rope, which was hollow and shaped like a small barrel. There, crouched down inside the coil of rope, was Bunny!

"Tit-tat, Bunny!" cried Sue, running to touch "home," which was a deck ventilator.

"Ho! you wouldn't have found me if I hadn't sneezed," said Bunny as he climbed out of the pile of rope.

"No, I guess I wouldn't," agreed Sue. "It was a good place to hide. Now it's my turn."

When Bunny "blinded" Sue crept softly away and then, circling back, she hid behind the very ventilator where Bunny was standing. The ventilator was like a big pipe, and it completely hid little Sue. So when Bunny

walked away, thinking his sister was perhaps hiding in the same coil of rope where he had been, Sue darted out, touched "home," and cried:

"In free! In free!"

She had beaten Bunny at his own game.

The children played hide-and-seek until it was time for lunch, and after lunch they had more fun. Then their mother, knowing they must be tired, having arisen early to start traveling, said:

"I think you had better go to your bunks and lie down for a nap, you two."

"Oh, I don't want to go to bed in the daytime!" objected Bunny.

"I don't either, but maybe my doll does," said Sue.

"Well, Sue, you lie down with your doll," suggested Mrs. Brown. And when Sue had done this she soon fell asleep. A little later Bunny, having no one with whom to play, went to the stateroom he shared with his father, and soon he was asleep.

When Bunny and Sue awakened some hours later they noticed a peculiar motion to the

ship. No longer did she sail along calmly and steadily, but swayed up and down, rolling from side to side.

"Where are we? What's happened?" Bunny asked his father, who was in the state-room.

"Come up on deck and see," was the answer.

It was getting dark when Bunny and his father reached the deck, but it was light enough to see that they were no longer in the river. They were out on big, wide, open water.

"Is this the ocean?" cried Bunny.

"Yes, this is the rolling ocean," his father said.

Just then the ship gave such a roll that Bunny would have fallen had not his father caught hold of him.

CHAPTER IX

SUE IN THE CELLAR

"YES," laughed Bunny Brown, as he steadied himself against his father's legs and gazed off over the tumbling waves, "I guess this is the rolling ocean."

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Sure, I like it," was the answer.

"Does it make you feel sick?" went on Bunny's father.

"Sick? No," answered the little boy.

"Well, don't be afraid if you feel a little ill," went on Mr. Brown. "Sometimes the rolling ocean makes people sick, but they soon get over it."

"I'm not going to be sick," declared Bunny.

"Maybe I am," announced Sue hopefully. She had just come up on deck with her mother. "I feel sort of dizzy like."

"I can't say that I exactly like this rolling ocean," remarked Mrs. Brown.

"Then you had better go below and lie down," advised her husband. "Supper will soon be ready."

"I don't believe I'm going to care for any," said Mrs. Brown in a low voice.

That night Sue's mother was made a trifle ill by the heaving, rocking motion of the *Beacon* as the ship got farther and farther out on the rolling ocean. She did not want to eat anything, and the next day she was still sick.

Bunny and Sue, however, did not seem to mind the strange motion, and they braved it out with their father, who was not subject to seasickness. Toward the end of the day Mrs. Brown was feeling better. That is a way seasickness has. At first it makes you very ill indeed, and you think you are never going to get better. But it passes and you feel fine again.

"Well, Mr. Brown," said Captain Ward, as he came into the dining cabin for the evening meal and saw the family at one of the tables, "have your folks found their sea legs yet?"

"Just about getting them on," laughed Mr. Brown.

"That's good. Well, things are going to be better from now on, I think. And we'll soon be in very pleasant waters."

"What does he mean about finding our sea legs?" whispered Sue to her mother. "I have the same legs I had, haven't I?"

"Captain Ward means that you are over being seasick," explained Mr. Brown. "The sailors say, when that happens, that a person has found his 'sea legs'—that is, he can go about the heaving decks without feeling ill."

"I feel fine!" cried Bunny Brown. "I'm going to fish to-morrow."

"Well, don't catch any more of my sailors' hats!" laughed Captain Ward as he took his place at the table.

Bunny wondered for a moment how the captain knew about the accident with the string and the bent pin, but then he guessed that one of the crew told the others and so the story got around.

"You'll be careful, will you, Bunny?" asked the captain, playfully shaking his finger at the little boy.

"Oh, yes, sir, I'll be careful," he promised.

Bunny asked his father for a real hook to fasten on the piece of cord, but Mr. Brown told the little fellow that it would be hard to catch fish on the simple cord.

"To get fish from a fast-moving steamer, Bunny," said Mr. Brown, "you must have a very long line that will go away out beyond the propeller, and such a line must be very strong. Then, too, since it is pulled through the water very fast, there is not much chance for a fish to take the bait. Better wait until we anchor, and then it will be easier to fish."

So Bunny, knowing his father's advice was good, gave up the idea of trying to catch fish for the family dinner and found something else with which to amuse himself on the ship. There was plenty to do, and more to see, so he and Sue were not lonesome, though they could not run around as much nor roam as far as they could in the woods and fields at home.

"If Mr. Pott was here with us," said Sue to Bunny that afternoon when they had finished playing a game of tag, "maybe he could

find his ship with his son Harry on it and the treasure."

"No, he couldn't find it," decided Bunny, after thinking it over.

"Why not?" Sue asked.

"Because the *Mary Bell* was sunk," said Bunny. "It went down in the ocean. So how could Mr. Pott find it, even if he was here—and he isn't here?"

"I know he isn't here," said Sue. "But he could be here if they would let him out of the hospital. Maybe there's a little piece of his ship that didn't sink, and he could find that."

"Maybe," admitted Bunny. "But even if there was a little piece of his schooner left, it wouldn't be big enough for his son to be on it, nor the treasure."

"Maybe not," agreed Sue. "I wonder if anybody will take Mr. Pott some more flowers and apples, Bunny?"

"I guess maybe they will," he said.

A little while after that, as Bunny was watching one of the sailors splice, or mend, a rope on deck, Sue thought she would go to the stateroom and get her doll.

"I guess my doll needs some sea air," said the little girl to herself.

Mrs. Brown was lying down in the state-room, half asleep, when Sue entered softly to get the doll.

"What are you going to do, my dear?" asked Mrs. Brown drowsily.

"I'm going up on deck with my doll," answered the little girl.

"Is Bunny with you?"

"Yes, Mother, he's up on deck. So is daddy."

"All right. Be careful going up and down the stairs."

"I will," promised Sue.

Sue meant to be careful, but instead of going upstairs, or up one of the companionways, as stairs are usually called on a vessel, Sue started down.

Perhaps she was thinking too much about the sea air her doll was going to breathe, or perhaps she was thinking too much about poor Mr. Pott. At any rate, Sue went down instead of up. She went down and down and at last she found herself in a dim part of the ship

where only a little electric light here and there gave an uncertain glow.

Then Sue realized that she had gone wrong. She looked about her, clutched her doll tightly under her arm, and exclaimed:

"Oh, I guess I'm down cellar!"

In a way, she was in the "cellar," or hold, of the ship.

As Sue looked about her in the dimness she heard a noise. Then in the glow of one electric light she saw a black man coming toward her. The man was very big, bigger, Sue thought, than anybody she had ever seen.

CHAPTER X

A MIDNIGHT ALARM

SUE BROWN was very seldom afraid of anything. She and Bunny had gone through so many strange adventures and nothing had happened to them—that is, nothing of any account—that Sue was inclined to believe that nothing ever would happen. She had been lost more than once, and she had appealed to all sorts of persons—even tramps—to help her find her way home, and she had always reached home.

“And I guess I’m lost now down here in the cellar of this ship,” thought Sue. “Maybe this is a tramp to tell me how to get upstairs again.”

Sue spoke of things on the ship as she would of things at home—“down cellar and upstairs.”

The big, black man came nearer and nearer,

and as he passed beneath an electric light Sue could see that he was not a negro, which she had at first taken him to be. He was black from coal dust that covered his face, hands, and clothes.

"Hello, little girl!" called the big man, and his voice was very friendly. "What are you doing down in the stoke hold?"

"Is this the stoke hold?" asked Sue. "I thought it was the cellar."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the man. "Well, it is like a cellar, isn't it, little girl? But what are you doing down here?"

"I—now—I guess I'm lost," replied Sue.

"Well, if you're lost, then I've found you," said the man, his eyes looking strange in his black face. "You're one of the passengers, I guess."

"Yes," said Sue, "Bunny and I are going to the West Indies, and maybe we'll find Mr. Pott's lost son and the treasure."

"Oh, ho! So you're treasure-hunters, are you, you and your brother? But is this Mr. Pott on board?"

"No, he's in the hospital back in Belle-

mere," explained Sue. "He's a sailor and he fell off a horse."

"A sailor has no business on a horse," said the big man. "But I guess I'd better not be keeping you down here talking. Your folks may be looking for you, thinking you are lost."

"Yes, please, I wish you'd take me upstairs," Sue said. "I don't think I could find my way myself. I came down a lot of stairs. I forgot—I should have gone up."

"Yes, down in the stoke hold is no place for little girls," said the man.

He was close to Sue now, and she could see the thick, black dust on his hands and face. He looked like the coal men who put the winter's supply of "black diamonds" in the Brown cellar, so Sue asked:

"Do you work in a coal bin?"

"Pretty nearly," the man answered. "I'm what they call a coal-passer. I bring the coal from the bins, or holds, to the furnace room, a wheelbarrow load at a time. I guess I'm pretty black," he concluded.

"Yes," said Sue, simply but honestly, "you are black, but I don't mind that—it will wash off. You're big too, aren't you?"

"Hum! I'm glad you aren't afraid of me," laughed the man. "But sometimes I think the coal dust will never wash off after my day's work. It would be too bad if I had to stay black, wouldn't it—especially when there's so much of me?"

"Yes," agreed Sue, "it would. And now, please, will you take me upstairs?"

"That I will," replied the coal-passer. "At least I'll take you to the foot of the stairs that lead up to the berth deck, and you can find your way from there, or some of the stewards will show you. We stokers aren't allowed to come up on deck until we get clean, and I haven't time for that now. Come along with me, little girl."

Sue followed, and went up several flights of steps behind the man, who watched that she did not fall, for some of the steps were of iron and slippery.

At last her guide stopped and told Sue to go

straight ahead and toward a light which he pointed out, and then up another flight of stairs.

"You'll be all right then," said the stoker.

"Good-by, and thank you," said Sue.

"Good-by!" echoed the man, with a laugh.

He disappeared down a dark stairway, merging into the blackness of which he seemed a part, and Sue, going up another flight of steps, found herself in a place she remembered as being not far from her mother's stateroom. A deck steward, clean and neat in white trousers and a blue coat, saw the little girl and asked:

"Where have you been? Your mother and father have been looking for you."

"I've been down cellar," explained Sue simply. "But I like it upstairs much better."

"I should think you might!" laughed the steward. "I guess, little miss, you've been down in the stoke hold."

"Yes, that's where I was," admitted Sue, "and a nice, big, black, coal man showed me the way back."

Mr. Brown came along just then, somewhat

worried over Sue's absence, and took her to her mother's room.

Soon after Sue had left her mother lying down in the stateroom Mr. Brown had come below to see his wife. He said Sue had not come back to the deck where he and Bunny had been waiting, and when Mrs. Brown related that Sue had left her some time before, there was a worrisome time until the little girl appeared.

"Don't wander away like that again," chided her mother.

"No'm, I won't," promised Sue.

The excitement over, Sue went up on deck with her doll, and after a while she announced that the doll was asleep.

"How can she be asleep when her eyes are open?" Bunny wanted to know. "She isn't asleep at all!"

"She is so!" declared Sue.

"But how can she be with her eyes open?" asked the little boy. "You don't sleep with your eyes open, do you?"

"No, I don't; but my doll does," declared Sue. "She's different! She used to close her

eyes when she went to sleep, but something broke in her and now she doesn't close them. She sleeps with her eyes open."

"Well, it's a funny way to sleep," remarked Bunny. "Anyhow, if she is asleep, let's play ring-toss."

"All right," agreed Sue.

This is a game often played on shipboard. On the deck is set up a short wooden pin, or pole. Each player is given several rings of rope, some large and some small.

Standing a short distance away from the pin, each player tries to toss all his or her rope rings over the little pole. The one who tosses the largest number of rings over the pin wins the game.

Some of the men and women passengers played this game, but just now the rings were not in use, and Bunny and Sue took them. They placed the pin, set in its wooden base, on the deck near a companionway and began to toss the rings.

Whether Sue was more skillful or more lucky than Bunny may be guessed at, but she certainly tossed more rings over the pin than

did her brother. This made Bunny try all the harder.

"Here goes one over!" he cried, tossing a ring as hard as he could.

He did not throw it straight and it went too high. In fact, it went toward the stairway instead of toward the pin. And just then his father came up the stairs.

As if Bunny had aimed it, the rope ring, one of the largest, shot straight for Mr. Brown and settled down over his head and around his neck.

"Well!" cried Mr. Brown in surprise.

"Oh, Bunny Brown, look what you did!" shouted Sue.

"I ringed daddy! I ringed daddy!" laughed Bunny. "I'm a good shot! I ringed daddy!"

"I should say you did!" chuckled his father. "But I don't call it a very straight shot when you were aiming for the peg over there. Just for that you don't get any lollypop!"

"Oh, have you got lollypops?" asked Bunny.

"No, I haven't any," said Mr. Brown, with

a laugh. "But if I had any you would get only a half one, for making such a poor shot, and Sue would get two."

"Well, Bunny, I'd give you some of my lollypops," said Sue kindly. "Only I haven't got any," she added, with a sigh.

"We can get some when we get to the West Indies," said Bunny. "When will the boat be there, Daddy?" he asked, as Mr. Brown, taking the rope ring from his neck, sent it with a skillful toss over the pin.

"Oh, in about a week now, I guess," was the answer. "You see we aren't as fast as a regular passenger steamer. We are taking our time going south."

"It's lots of fun," said Bunny. "I like it."

"So do I," said his sister Sue.

Mr. Brown played at ring-toss with the children for a while, and the rest of the day was spent in walking about deck, looking at distant ships, or in playing other games. Bunny and Sue managed to keep busy, so when night came they were tired, sleepy and ready for bed.

That night, after the children were asleep,

Mr. and Mrs. Brown sat up a little while, talking in one of the saloons before retiring. They spoke of Mr. Pott, wondering how he was getting along in the hospital.

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown went to their staterooms.

How long Mrs. Brown had been asleep she did not know, but she was suddenly awakened by feeling the ship quiver and shake as if it had struck something in the water. Sue was also awakened.

"What is it, Mother?" asked the little girl.
"Are we going to sink?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Brown answered.

Then throughout the *Beacon* was heard the sound of confused voices and the shouts of a midnight alarm.

CHAPTER XI

OVERBOARD

MRS. BROWN quickly arose and put on a dressing gown and slippers and helped Sue out of her berth.

"What are you going to do, Mother?" asked Sue sleepily.

"We must get ready for whatever is going to happen," was the answer.

Though Mrs. Brown did not tell her little girl so, she thought that something had happened to the ship and that perhaps the passengers and crew might have to get into the lifeboats and row away.

Then Mrs. Brown heard her husband and Bunny moving about in their stateroom across the corridor, and she heard Bunny ask:

"What's the matter, Daddy?"

"I guess we bumped into a whale," said Mr. Brown, not because he really believed this but in order not to frighten his little boy.

And it proved to be the best answer that could have been made, for Bunny laughed and said:

"Ho! ho! I guess if our ship hit a whale it would make his head ache, wouldn't it?"

"I think it would," replied Mr. Brown.

By this time he, also, had on a dressing gown and slippers and had opened his stateroom door. At the same time Mrs. Brown opened hers.

"What happened?" she asked.

"We struck something," said Mr. Brown.

"But it doesn't seem to be anything serious. Things are quieting down."

This was true. The *Beacon* had come to a stop on the rolling ocean, and though she rolled a bit herself she seemed to be in no danger. The noise of the shouting and talking also died away.

One of the stewards came through the corridor and spoke to several of the passengers who had their heads thrust out of their partly opened stateroom doors.

"There is no danger—no danger at all," the steward said. "You may all go back to bed."

"What happened?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Captain Ward thinks we struck a derelict," was the answer. "Whatever it was, we hit it a glancing blow. The ship has suffered no damage and we are going on again directly. Probably it was only a small derelict we hit."

This satisfied the passengers and they closed their doors. But Bunny Brown wanted to know something, so he asked his father:

"Is a derelict a whale, Daddy?"

"No. It's a wrecked ship floating about in the water, sunk so low that you can hardly see it," was the answer. "It drifts about, and, not being seen, derelicts are often struck by other ships."

"Does it hurt the derelict?" asked Bunny, while his mother and sister listened to the talk.

"No, you can't hurt a derelict," was Mr. Brown's reply. "But sometimes a derelict, especially if it's a big sunken ship, will damage the other vessel. But I guess we're all right."

And so it proved. When morning came

there was no sign of the floating wreck, if such it was that the *Beacon* had bumped into. Nor was the steamer harmed. She proceeded on her course after a short stop following the midnight alarm.

Up to this time the days had been bright and sunny for Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. But on the morning after the bump in the night the sun was hidden behind masses of dark clouds. When Bunny saw Captain Ward gazing around the horizon, where sky and water seem to meet, and when the little boy heard the commander tell his officers to see that everything was made "snug and tight," Bunny went to his father.

"Are we going to have a storm?" he asked.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Brown. "But that's nothing. We must have storms once in a while. We can't have the sun always."

"No, I guess not," agreed Bunny.

"Will it be a snowstorm?" Sue wanted to know.

"I should say not!" laughed her father. "Can't you feel how much warmer the weather is getting?"

"Yes, it is warmer," said Sue. That very day she had asked her mother to let her wear a thinner dress, which Mrs. Brown had agreed to. "It's quite warm," Sue said.

"That shows we are going farther and farther south each day," said Mr. Brown. "And they never have snow or ice down in the West Indies."

"Then we'll have a rainstorm," said Bunny.

"Yes, if we have any kind of a storm, it will be rain," his father said.

"And wind?" asked Sue.

"Oh, yes, there is likely to be wind," admitted Mr. Brown. "But the *Beacon* is a stout ship. She will come through the storm all right."

In spite of this, as Bunny and Sue saw the clouds grow blacker and blacker and as they noticed the sailors going about the decks, making fast anything that was loose enough to blow away, the children became a little alarmed.

To quiet them, Mr. Brown took them down to see the big engines at work. Bunny liked machinery, and he was interested. When Mr.

Brown pointed out how strong the machinery was and how it pushed the ship along through the water, the children concluded that a storm at sea need not alarm them.

But toward noon the wind began to blow and the ship began to pitch and toss in the big waves. Then Bunny and his sister did not like it so much. Nor did Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, this won't amount to anything," said Mr. Brown.

But the storm was worse than Mr. Brown would admit, even to himself, and the *Beacon* continued to roll and toss in the heavy "seas," as sailors call the big waves.

Once, when Bunny and Sue were down in their staterooms with Mrs. Brown, changing their clothes, for the salty spray had wet them, the ship gave such a sudden lurch that Sue cried:

"Oh, we're going to tip over!"

And even Mrs. Brown feared this for a moment.

Bunny heard what his sister said and cried:

"If we turn over we'll stand on our heads!"

"I don't like standing on my head," an-

swered Sue. "And I don't want the ship to turn over."

"Neither do I! My gracious, I should say not!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Please don't even talk about such a terrible happening, my dears!" Then Bunny saw how serious his mother was.

Really, for a time it seemed as if something might happen to the *Beacon*. She was in the very midst of a sudden, tropical hurricane which splashed the waves big and high and made the ship lean far over to one side.

But Captain Ward and his men were skillful sailors, and they managed the vessel so that she turned back again, and was on what is called an even keel, riding so that her decks were straight instead of slanting.

Still the wind blew hard and the seas ran high, though there was not as much danger as at first. After a while Bunny and Sue grew so accustomed to the storm and the rolling and pitching and tossing of the ship that they began to think it was rather fun.

"Could we go up on deck and look at the big waves?" begged Bunny.

"Oh, no, indeed!" answered his mother.

"Oh, just a little look!" pleaded the boy.

"I might take him and Sue up to the head of the companionway and let them look out for a minute," said Mr. Brown. "It really is a sight worth seeing."

"Well, if you think it will be all right, go ahead," said his wife. "But be careful."

"We will," promised Bunny.

"And don't let the waves wash me overboard," begged Sue.

"I'll hold you tight," said her father.

On the advice of one of the stewards, they went up to a sheltered spot where they could get a view of the deck and the big waves but where they would be sheltered from the worst of the gale. Standing there in the lee of a deckhouse, Bunny and Sue looked out on the tumbling and foam-flecked waves.

"I wouldn't like to fall in them," said Bunny.

"Nor I," added Sue.

Just then the wind began to blow more fiercely than before. The ship trembled under the blast and a big wave washed up on the

deck, some of the spray splashing on the children.

Then, all of a sudden, Sue set up a cry:

"She's gone! She fell overboard! Oh, Elizabeth was washed overboard by the wave!"

CHAPTER XII

BUNNY IS LOCKED IN

NOTHING causes more excitement on board a ship than the cry of "man overboard!" Of course, Sue did not say a man was overboard. She called out about some one named "Elizabeth." As the little girl clung to her father she sobbed aloud and repeated over and over again:

"Elizabeth will be drowned! Elizabeth will be drowned!"

Mr. Brown did not know what to make of it. He knew that he and his two children were the only people standing near the deck-house where they could watch the big waves. He knew there had been no little girl named Elizabeth near them. Yet Sue had cried out that Elizabeth had gone overboard.

"Did you see some little girl washed over the rail by the wave?" asked Mr. Brown.

He thought perhaps some of the other passengers might have had a little girl named Elizabeth—though, if so, why he had not seen her playing with Sue he could not imagine—and that she had been standing near the rail and had been washed away.

Whether Sue did not hear her father's question because of the roar of the storm or whether she was crying too hard to answer, does not much matter, for a moment later some sailors who were on deck and who heard the little girl's sobbing cry shouted:

"Man overboard! Lower a boat! Man overboard!"

Of course there was not a man overboard. Sue had spoken of "Elizabeth." But on a ship, no matter who falls into the water, whether a man, a woman, or a child, the cry of alarm is always the same: "Man overboard!"

Sailors know and understand that warning better than any other.

But before a boat could be lowered or even some of the cork life-rings tossed over the rail, another big wave came up and washed across

the decks. On the crest of this wave something white fluttered.

"That looks like a little girl's skirts!" thought Mr. Brown.

Then the wave broke some distance away from where he and the children were standing, and the fluttering white object came washing up along the deck and straight for Sue.

"Oh, here's Elizabeth! She came back to me!" cried the little girl. "Elizabeth went overboard, but she isn't drowned!"

Then she made a grab for and picked up—her big doll!

The sailors who had been getting ready to lower the boat and toss out life-rings looked in wonder at Sue clasping the wet and soaking doll. But Sue was happy—she did not care.

"Well, shiver my timbers!" cried one of the men as he shook the salty spray from his face. "I thought she meant a little girl was overboard!"

"So did I," said another.

"Sue," said her father a bit sternly, "whom did you mean when you said Elizabeth went overboard?"

"Why, Elizabeth! My doll, of course!" answered Sue. "Here she is. Elizabeth is my best doll. I brought her up to look at the storm and a wave washed her away."

"And another wave washed her back again!" cried Bunny.

"That's it," agreed Sue.

Strange as it may seem, that is just what had happened. Of course it was only the crest, or top part, of the wave that had come aboard, snatched Sue's doll out of her hands and carried it away. If the whole, big wave had come aboard there might have been no Bunny Brown and his sister Sue left.

"You shouldn't have cried out that way about just a doll," said Sue's father, as he led the children back to the sheltered cabin. "The men thought you meant a real child."

"Well, Elizabeth is real," declared Sue. "She's a real doll and she's my child." And nothing Mr. or Mrs. Brown could say would make Sue believe she had done anything wrong.

Later Mr. Brown told the sailors how sorry he was that his little girl had caused them

such a fright, making them think a real child had gone over the rail.

"Oh, we don't mind that," laughed one of the men. "We're only too glad to know it was only a doll and that the little girl has it back again."

Though Sue had her doll, the salt water had spoiled some of the clothes. But Elizabeth's little mistress did not mind, for she said they were going to the West Indies where it would be so warm that Elizabeth would need few clothes.

The storm raged all the remainder of that day and far into the night. But when morning dawned the wind went down and the rain ceased, though the waves were still high and would be for another day or so. Big storms at sea do not pass as quickly as they do on shore, for the ocean keeps up its restless, heaving motion.

The *Beacon* came out of the hurricane with little damage as far as could be seen. Though later Captain Ward blamed the storm for something very strange and serious that happened. That is, it was serious for a time.

With the ceasing of the storm, Bunny and Sue were allowed to go out on deck the next day. They both enjoyed this, for it was no fun to be "cooped up," as Bunny called it, in one of the cabins. The staterooms where the Brown family slept were too small to sit in except for a few minutes, so when they wanted to talk or when the children wanted to play games they did so in one of the larger cabins, or saloons, as they are called.

Every hour it seemed to be getting warmer, now that the *Beacon* was getting well into the south. The wind that blew across her decks was as balmy as the hot breezes of summer, though this was only early spring, or had been when Bunny and Sue left Bellemere.

"It's always summer in the south, isn't it, Daddy?" asked Sue of her father when she and her brother were talking about the warm weather.

"Well, yes, it is if you go far enough south," he said. "They don't have winter in the far south, but they have what is called the rainy season, and that at times is worse than

our winter, though it is never cold. But it is very wet—raining every day for months, some times more than once a day.”

“You’d have to carry an umbrella all the while, wouldn’t you?” inquired Bunny.

“Yes. And rubber boots, too,” his father answered.

“And maybe a rubber coat,” said Sue.

“Well, a rubber coat would be too warm,” said her father. “But I don’t believe we shall have much rain, as this isn’t the season for it down here.”

That afternoon Bunny tried to get Sue to come up on deck and play another game of toss with the rope rings. But Sue said:

“I’m going to make a new dress for Elizabeth.”

“Oh, all right,” sighed Bunny.

He wished Sue would play with him, but as she would not he wandered into the dining saloon. One of the stewards was setting the tables, getting ready for the evening meal, though the time for eating was some hours off.

Bunny looked at the white tablecloths, the

sparkling silver and glasses. Seeing the tables being made ready, made the little boy think that he was hungry.

If Bunny had been at home he would have gone to the kitchen to ask Julia for some crackers or a piece of cake, and he did not see any reason why he should not ask this steward for something. So Bunny did it, very delicately, by saying:

"Do you ever have any crackers?"

"You mean, do I ever eat any biscuits?" asked the steward, with a smile.

"No, I mean crackers! And I mean do you ever give hungry boys some?" went on Bunny.

"Oh, I see what you mean!" laughed the man. "We call them biscuits in England where I came from. But over here, in the States, I believe they call them crackers. So you want a biscuit, my little man?"

"I'd like some crackers, yes, thank you," said Bunny.

"Well, the pantry steward, Mr. Jobson, is getting out some sweet cakes and biscuits for dinner this evening. He is in number two storeroom, down that passage," and the man

pointed. "If you go there and ask him, I'm quite sure he'll give you a cake of some sort."

"Thank you," replied Bunny. "I'll go ask him."

The steward who was setting the tables pointed out the way Bunny was to go—first to the end of the passage, then down a flight of steps, and then he would find himself in the storeroom corridor. He was to walk along that until he saw an open door. This would be storeroom number two and Mr. Jobson would be in there.

Thanking his new friend again, Bunny set off. He went first to tell Sue he would get her a cookie. Then he found his way to the storeroom corridor and proceeded along a somewhat darkened passage until he saw light streaming out from an open door.

Bunny reached this open door and looked in. He could see on the shelves many cans of food and packages of crackers and cakes. But he saw nothing of Mr. Jobson.

"I guess he's inside, farther back," thought Bunny. "I'll go in and ask him for a cookie. I'll get one for Sue, too."

Stepping within the room, in which a single electric light was burning, Bunny called:

"Hello, Mr. Jobson! Will you please give me some cookies?"

There was no answer, and, thinking he had not made himself heard, Bunny stepped farther into the room and toward the back. Again he called.

Presently he heard a sliding noise and he turned in time to see the door by which he had entered closing. It ran along a brass rail and snapped shut with a click.

"I guess it locked itself!" exclaimed Bunny. "I'm locked in! But I guess Mr. Jobson can get me out! Hello, Mr. Jobson!" he called. "The door slammed shut and locked itself. Will you please open it and give me a cookie?"

No one answered Bunny Brown.

CHAPTER XIII

A TERRIBLE NOISE

THE *Beacon* steamed on, each hour taking her nearer and nearer to the warm, sunny southland of the West Indies. But Bunny Brown, locked in the storeroom, cared nothing for this. All he wanted was to be let out. He had even forgotten about the cookie now.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were up on deck, sitting in easy chairs and enjoying the beautiful sight of the ocean, which, though it was rolling a bit, was not as wild as it had been during the storm.

Sue came up to her father and mother, carrying her doll Elizabeth, for whom she had made a new dress out of an old towel her mother had given her for this purpose. The sewing Sue did was not very good—the stitches were much too large.

"Isn't Elizabeth's dress nice?" asked Sue,

showing her mother the new gown for the doll.

"Indeed it is a pretty dress," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Where is Bunny?" asked Mr. Brown, for usually the little boy and his sister were together.

"Oh, Bunny didn't want to play doll with me, so he went to get something to eat," explained Sue. "I guess Bunny's going to play picnic," added Sue.

"Where would he get anything to eat on this ship?" asked Mrs. Brown. "He can't go to the kitchen as he could if he were at home."

"I suppose he will ask one of the dining-room or pantry stewards to get him something," suggested Mr. Brown. "They'll be glad to do that. But it will not be wise for Bunny to eat much now. It is too near the time for the regular meal."

"That wouldn't worry him," laughed Mrs. Brown. "Bunny always has a good appetite."

So, thinking their little boy was in the care of one of the stewards, Mr. and Mrs. Brown

did not worry about him. They remained on deck for some time longer. Sue stayed with them, playing with her doll.

Then came the bugle call, which served the same purpose as a dinner bell at home. One of the sailors blew several musical notes on a horn, and this meant that the passengers, the captain, and such of the ship's officers as were not on duty could get their meal.

"I guess Bunny is down there waiting for us," said Mr. Brown, as he started for the dining saloon with his wife and Sue.

Much to the surprise of his father and mother, Bunny was not waiting for them in the dining saloon. The tables were set and many of the passengers were in their chairs. But at the table assigned to the Brown family there was no Bunny.

"I wonder where he is," said Mrs. Brown.

"Perhaps he went up on deck to find us," suggested her husband. "He may have gone up by a different stairway, and we didn't see him. I'll go and look. You sit down with Sue, my dear."

Mrs. Brown sat down at the table to wait for her husband's return. But when he came down a little later he was alone.

"Where's Bunny?" asked Mrs. Brown, now anxious.

"He wasn't up there on deck, and no one seems to have seen him around lately," was the answer. "I think he must have wandered into some other part of the ship. Perhaps he has gone down to the engine room. The last time I took him there he asked to go again, and I said I'd see about it. He may have gone there by himself."

"I hope nothing has happened to him!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"Nothing has, I'm sure," her husband said. "But I'll have a search made at once."

Without waiting to start his meal, Mr. Brown spoke to some of the officers, and at once a search was started through the ship to find the missing boy.

All this while poor Bunny was securely locked in the storeroom where many good things to eat were kept.

At first, after Bunny realized that the sway-

ing of the ship had made the sliding door roll shut and lock, he thought perhaps he could push it open again and get out. So, after calling once or twice for Mr. Jobson, the pantry steward, and getting no answer, Bunny went to the door and began to push on it.

But, as far as Bunny could tell, the door was made to open only from the outside, though, he thought, perhaps a man if he knew how could have opened it from within. There seemed to be some sort of catch that held it shut, and push and pull though he did, Bunny could not stir it.

"Maybe Mr. Jobson is away back in there and doesn't hear me calling," said Bunny to himself, after he had worked in vain at the door for some time. "I'll go and look."

The pantry was small and well lighted by even the one electric bulb, so Bunny could easily see his way to the back part. When he got there he did not find the cupboard bare, as Mother Hubbard did, for there was plenty to eat in this ship's pantry, but Mr. Jobson was not in the storeroom.

Then Bunny Brown knew he was locked in

all alone, and for the first time he felt a bit frightened.

But he was also a bit hungry, and seeing on a shelf a package of ginger cookies that had been opened, he reached up and took one.

"I don't s'pose anybody will care," thought Bunny. "Maybe Mr. Jobson was eating some of these cookies, and he'd have given me one, anyhow." Which was probably quite true.

So the little locked-in boy munched his ginger cookie and felt better. Still he wanted to get out, and so when he had gotten rid of the last crumbs he tried the door again. But it was still tightly closed.

"I'm going to yell!" said Bunny Brown. "Somebody will hear me yell and come and let me out." So he called: "Open the door! Open the door and let me out! I'm in here! Bunny Brown is locked in here!"

But on board a ship, especially on a steamer, there are many noises made by the machinery. So the voice of the little boy was not heard above these sounds. Shut up as he was in a pantry some distance away from the dining



"OH, HERE'S ELIZABETH! SHE CAME BACK TO ME!"
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saloon, Bunny's voice did not carry very far. No one heard him calling.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Brown were getting very much worried because Bunny could not be found, and when one after another of the men about the ship came back from different places where they had looked to report that nothing had been seen of the little fellow, Mrs. Brown was almost ready to cry and Sue's lips were quivering.

Just then the dining-room steward, to whom Bunny had appealed for a cookie, came into the saloon. He had been in another part of the ship, having gone there soon after he had sent Bunny to the pantry steward; so this man from the dining room, whose name was Peter Wynn, did not know Bunny was lost until coming back on duty again.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Wynn. "Bunny Brown gone? Why, he was here when I was setting my tables."

"Where did he go?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I sent him to Jobson," was the answer. "The little lad wanted a cookie. I didn't have any, but I knew Jobson was in the storeroom

getting out some packages of cakes and biscuits. So I sent Bunny there."

No one had thought of the pantry, but as soon as Mr. Wynn spoke of it a hurried trip was made to the place. As Mr. and Mrs. Brown and some of the ship's officers came to the corridor outside the pantry, they heard Bunny shouting:

"Let me out! Please let me out! I don't want to stay here!"

"We're coming, Bunny! We're here! We're going to let you out!" cried Sue, for she had followed to see what had happened to her brother.

It took only a second for one of the men who knew how to open the pantry, and then Bunny, with tears on his cheeks, stepped outside.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried his mother, putting her arms around him, "why did you go into the pantry and lock yourself in?"

"I didn't lock myself in," said the little boy. "The door slammed shut and I couldn't get it open again."

"That's very true," said Mr. Wynn, who

looked at it. "This door has a habit of sliding shut and locking itself. We stewards know about it and always fasten it back. I don't see why Jobson didn't do it. He might have been locked in himself."

Just then Steward Jobson, who had gone to another part of the ship, came back to his pantry, and he was surprised to learn what had happened.

"It's too bad," he said. "I finished my work in there and went out. I did fasten back the door, and when I went out I took off the fastening, thinking the door would shut of itself. And it did, it seems, though I'm sorry to know it shut Bunny up behind it. He must have gone in just after I went out. I happened to remember a moment ago that I had left the electric light turned on in the pantry, and I was coming now to turn it off. I'm very sorry."

"Well, I didn't get hurt," said Bunny, smiling now that the danger and fright were over. "And I ate some of your cookies."

"You are quite welcome to all you want," said Mr. Jobson, with a smile.

Thus the lost boy was found and every one was happy. One of the ship's officers gave orders to have the pantry door repaired so no one else would be likely to get shut in.

"Have you eaten yet?" asked Bunny, as he went back to the dining saloon with his father, mother and sister.

"No, we were just going to when we missed you," said Mrs. Brown. "But I don't suppose you want anything to eat now, do you, Bunny?"

"Sure, I do!" he cried. "Why not, Mother?"

"I thought you had eaten so many cookies while you were in the pantry that you wouldn't want anything else."

"Oh, I didn't eat many," said Bunny. "Only five or six. And I'm hungry yet."

Afterward Bunny and Sue played some games out on deck and when evening came they listened to a story their father told them and went to bed.

"What a lovely, calm and quiet evening," said Mrs. Brown to her husband as they

walked the deck a little while before going to their staterooms.

"Yes, the ocean is hardly rolling any now," said Mr. Brown. "There is no wind at all. If this were a sailing ship we would be becalmed, not able to move."

But the *Beacon*, being a steamer, plowed her way through the warm, southern waters while Bunny and Sue slept soundly. It was in the morning when Bunny and Sue were dressing, their parents having gotten up earlier to go out on deck, that something happened.

Sue had finished putting on her clothes, as had Bunny, and the children were just leaving their staterooms when the ship suddenly trembled and shook and a most terrific blast sounded in their ears.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Sue, as she made a wild jump. "What's that terrible noise, Bunny? Did you hear it? There it goes again!"

"Sure, I heard it!" answered Bunny, but Sue could hardly hear him above the strange blast of sound.

CHAPTER XIV

FAST AGROUND

SUE BROWN was very much startled by the strange and fearful sound, and so was her brother Bunny. To the children it was truly a terrible noise. It was, Sue said, "like a big bull bellowing in a field."

"Do you think it's a bull, Bunny?" she asked her brother, as she ran along the corridor outside the stateroom.

"No, it isn't a bull," he said, as the strange noise sounded again, seeming to shake the whole vessel. "How would they get a bull on a ship?"

"Well, they have cows on ships," Sue said. "One of the sailors told me he milked a cow once. And if they have cows they can have bulls, I guess."

"But we haven't seen any bull on this ship," stated Bunny, "and we've been all over."

"Maybe they have him hidden down in the cellar where I was," suggested Sue. "Oh, Bunny, I don't like a bull on a ship! One of Elizabeth's dresses is red, and maybe the bull will chase her!"

Sue was becoming more and more frightened and Bunny was very uneasy over the strange sound. Again and again it echoed. The children were hurrying up on deck to ask their father or mother what the noise was when Mr. Brown came down to the state-rooms. He had thought the two little ones might be frightened and hurried to be with them.

"Oh, Daddy, where's the bull?" cried Sue, running to him.

"There isn't any bull," he answered, with a smile.

"But what makes that terrible noise?"

"It's the foghorn, or whistle," replied Mr. Brown. "There is a thick blanket of fog all around the *Beacon*. The captain and the man on the lookout cannot see other ships coming near us, and the men on the other ships cannot see us. So, in order that we may not run

into them, the foghorn is being blown. The other ships can hear it and steer to one side. Collisions at sea are very dangerous."

"Oh, if it's only a foghorn!" exclaimed Bunny. "I'm not afraid of that!"

"Well, I'm not afraid of a foghorn," stated Sue. "But I thought it was a bull bellowing. I thought at first that we were on shore. Then when I felt the ship move I knew we were on water, and I thought the bull was down in the coal cellar, where I got lost. But I'm glad it isn't a bull."

"The foghorn has a very deep, low note to make the noise carry a long distance," explained Mr. Brown. "It does sound a little like the bellowing of a bull. I don't wonder you were frightened, Sue."

"Bunny was scared, too," declared the little girl.

"Not as much as you were," stated Bunny, a bit crossly.

"If you are all dressed I'll take you on deck and let you see the fog," said Mr. Brown. "It's like being in a white cloud."

"Just like going up in an airship!" said

Bunny, though as he had never gone up in one it is a question how he knew about it.

"Yes, I suppose it is like that," agreed Mr. Brown.

When Bunny and Sue reached the deck and found the white, wet, clinging mist all about them they were surprised. The fog was so dense and thick that they could not see the bow or stern of the ship when they stood in the middle, or "amidships," as a sailor would call it.

As for looking over the side and seeing any other vessels that might be approaching or any land that the *Beacon* might be nearing, this was out of the question. A white curtain of mist seemed drawn all about the steamer, and Bunny and Sue soon realized that they were going very slowly. The *Beacon* was under half speed.

"Why do we go so slow?" asked Bunny, just as the foghorn again boomed out its deep note.

"That's in case we should happen to bump into another ship," explained his father. "By going slowly less damage would be done."

"Are other ships going slow, too?" Sue wanted to know.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"I don't hear any of them whistling," remarked Bunny.

"Probably they are too far off," his father told him. "But you may hear some tooting before the day is over."

After remaining on deck for a while to look about them in the fog, Bunny and Sue decided that it was time for them to go down to get breakfast.

"It's rather chilly up here," said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, though we're quite a distance down south, much nearer the equator than we were, damp and clammy fog makes it seem cooler than it has been," replied her husband.

"You can't see anything up here," stated Sue. "I like it better downstairs where I can play with Elizabeth. She doesn't like a fog, I guess."

"Neither do the sailors," said Mr. Brown. "They would much rather go through a storm at sea than a fog, for they never can tell what

is going to happen when they can't see where they are going or what is coming toward them out of the dim whiteness."

As Sue had said, there was nothing to see from the deck of the *Beacon* except that white blanket. There was no wind to blow it away, for only when there is no wind does a fog descend. Really, a fog is a big cloud settling down on the earth, and as soon as the wind begins to blow the fog scatters.

Sometimes, as the *Beacon* steamed along through the mist, little swirling particles of the fog moved about. But this was all. It was as if the ship was all alone on a great, white sea.

"Listen!" exclaimed Bunny as they were about to go below. "I thought I heard another ship's foghorn."

They all remained quiet, and then from somewhere out on the ocean came a faint note—the sound of a far-off whistle.

"Yes, that's another ship, I think," said Mr. Brown.

Stationed in the bow, or very front part, of the *Beacon*, was a man on the lookout. He,

too, heard this faint and distant whistle and he called out something to the officer on the bridge who was steering the ship. This officer gave several blasts, one quickly after the other, of the *Beacon's* powerful fog whistle. This was to let the other ship know her signal had been heard.

Then, from somewhere out in that blanket of fog, came back some answering toots.

"It's like playing hide-and-seek, isn't it?" asked Sue.

"A good bit like that game, only there isn't so much fun in it," her father answered.

Down below in the snug cabin to which the fog could not penetrate Bunny Brown and his sister Sue played nearly all the remainder of the day. It was more enjoyable than being on deck, for up there nothing was to be seen. Besides, toward noon the fog became so thick that it was almost like rain, and Mr. Brown, who had gone on deck for a moment, came down with drops of water on his face and clinging to his eyebrows and eyelashes.

"Oh, Daddy, how funny you look!" laughed Sue.

Because of the fog, the *Beacon* was making only half speed. But as there was no special hurry in reaching the West Indies this did not matter much. What worried the officers, crew and passengers was the danger that in the fog a collision might happen. So the fog-horn was kept blowing, one blast every half minute, all day long.

"If they keep it up all night I don't believe we'll sleep," said Mrs. Brown.

"Maybe the fog will go away at night," suggested Bunny.

But the white blanket of mist still enveloped the vessel when the time for the evening meal came. Lights were set aglow, but, as you know if you have ever been out in a fog, lights do not show very far. So it was necessary to keep the whistle blowing.

It was about the time Bunny and Sue were thinking of getting ready for bed that a sudden quiver ran through the ship. She trembled and then came to a stop, while the fog whistle blew louder than ever.

"Somebody bumped into us!" exclaimed Sue.

"Oh, it's a collision!" cried Bunny.

Mrs. Brown looked at her husband.

"Has anything happened?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so," he answered. "We certainly struck something, and we have stopped. But we didn't strike very hard."

There were confused shoutings and calls throughout the ship, and then some one exclaimed:

"We're fast aground! We've run on a sand-bar or on some island!"

CHAPTER XV

GOING ASHORE

MRS. BROWN, hearing some one say that the ship was aground, was not as worried as she was when she thought that the *Beacon* was in a collision.

"If we're aground, we can go ashore and be safe and not have to drift around in small boats," said Mrs. Brown to her husband.

"We can if the island or the sand-bar that we have struck on is high enough out of water," said the children's father. "But sometimes these islands or bars are below the surface, in which case we naturally couldn't land on it. But I don't believe we shall have to go ashore. The ship struck so easily that I think we may soon be able to pull off again. I'll go to the captain and see if I can find out what the matter is."

"May I go with you?" Bunny Brown wanted to know.

"Oh, I should say not!" said his mother. "It's time you and Sue were in your bunks."

"But if we're going ashore, Mother," said Bunny, "I'll have to get dressed again."

"I'm going to take Elizabeth," added the little girl.

"We aren't going ashore—not right away, anyhow," declared their mother. "Now get into your bunks and go to sleep."

This was easy enough to say, but not so easy to do. Bunny did not want to go alone to the stateroom he shared with his father. He wanted his mother to go with him.

"Well, I'm not going to stay alone!" declared Sue. "Mother has to stay with me until daddy comes back to stay with you, Bunny!"

It being out of the question for Mrs. Brown to be in both staterooms at the same time, she ended the matter by saying:

"You may crawl into my bunk and stay here with Sue and me until daddy returns, Bunny. If you fall asleep daddy will carry you into his room."

"I won't fall asleep," said the little boy.

"I'm going to stay awake until daddy comes back."

By this time the ship had ceased trembling and shivering. She had come to a stop and seemed to be resting calmly and quietly on some island or sand-bar. She was on an even keel; that is, she was not tilted to one side or the other. And had it not been for that startling bump, any one on board might have thought the *Beacon* still floating quietly in the water.

"Anyhow the foghorn doesn't blow any more," said Sue. "I'm glad of that."

"So am I," agreed her mother. "It was getting on my nerves, blowing all the while."

Though the ship herself was quiet, there was much confusion on board, it seemed. Outside in the corridors beyond the staterooms men could be heard hurrying to and fro. Voices also were heard, and Bunny and Sue caught such words as:

"We're in no danger."

"We'll be off in the morning."

"Yes, the tide will lift us off the bar."

Hearing this talk, either from the ship's of-

ficers or some of the passengers, made Mrs. Brown and the children feel that they would be all right when daylight came.

Bunny and Sue had crawled into the berths of Mrs. Brown's stateroom, determined to remain awake until their father should return. But with the ship so quiet and the fog whistle no longer blowing, a calmness seemed to settle over the children. Mrs. Brown sat on a little stool, saying nothing, and soon she could tell by the deep, regular breathing of Sue that the little girl was fast asleep.

Mrs. Brown smiled and looked at Bunny lying in the upper berth. She saw him with his hands on his eyes.

"Bunny Brown, what are you doing?" she whispered to him, so as not to awaken Sue.

"I'm holding my eyelids open," he answered in a low voice.

"Holding your eyelids open!" gasped his mother. "What for?"

"So I won't go to sleep," he answered. "I want to stay awake until daddy comes back, but my eyes—my eyes—now—keep going shut, so I'm holding them open."

"Oh, you funny boy!" softly laughed his mother.

But soon, even with Bunny holding his eyelids up by means of his fingers, the little fellow fell asleep, as had his sister. Then Mrs. Brown sat there thinking over the many things that had happened since they had left their home in Bellemere.

"And I wonder how poor Mr. Pott, in the hospital, is getting along," thought Mrs. Brown. "I hope he has some word of his lost son and the missing treasure."

A little later her husband returned to the stateroom. Mrs. Brown held up a warning finger to let him know the children were asleep, and he made no noise.

"What happened?" she whispered to him.

"We went aground in the fog," he answered. "But the ship isn't damaged and Captain Ward thinks we shall get off in the morning. He isn't going to try it to-night, as he can't see what's around him."

"Are we on an island?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Not exactly; but we aren't far from one. A sand-bar runs out under water from the is-

land for quite a distance. It was the sand-bar we grounded on. But we were going so slowly, on account of the fog, that the ship isn't damaged."

"That's good," said Mrs. Brown. Then she told of the children wanting to stay with her until their father returned, and how Bunny had tried to hold his eyes open. "I guess you'd better take him in your room now," she added.

"I will," said Bunny's father. Gently he lifted the little sleeping boy in his arms. Bunny did not awaken, but murmured in his sleep:

"Don't let the cow blow the foghorn!"

"He's still thinking of it," said his mother softly.

The next morning when Bunny and Sue awakened after a quiet night they were surprised that they had slept through it all and had not heard their father come back to the stateroom to tell about the *Beacon* going aground.

"Why didn't you wake me up when daddy came back?" Bunny wanted to know.

"And me, too!" added Sue.

"You were sleeping so beautifully I didn't have the heart," answered their mother. "Besides, there wasn't much to tell you and nothing to see in the fog and the darkness. But now the fog has gone, and you may go up on deck and look about you."

"I'm going up right now!" cried Bunny, and he would have gone in his pajamas if his mother had not caught him and held him back.

Once they were dressed, however, Bunny and Sue hurried out on deck. As far as they could see, there was no bit of land against which the *Beacon* had thrust her prow. But about a mile away was a large island with palm trees waving in the wind and white surf breaking on the white sands.

"I thought we had gone aground," said Bunny. He was somewhat puzzled, for he saw water all around the ship.

"The ground is underneath us," a sailor explained. "We ran over, and partly on, a sand-bar about five feet under water. That's why you can't see it. Our keel is fast in the sand."

"If we had sand shovels maybe we could dig ourselves out," said Sue.

"It would take some pretty big shovels, and many of them," laughed the man. "But I guess when the tide gets higher Captain Ward will start the engines and they will pull us off."

Bunny and Sue did not understand much about this. All they knew was that the ship was still there in the ocean, not moving, and all about her broke the gentle waves. The waves were gentle, for it was very calm after the fog had blown away, just enough wind moving to carry off the white mist.

"That island looks just like the pictures in the story about Robinson Crusoe," said Sue, remembering that tale of adventure her mother had read.

"Those are cocoanut trees over there," declared Bunny. "I can tell by the way they look. And I guess cocoanuts are growing on them. Oh, Sue, wouldn't you like to go on that island and get some cocoanuts?"

"I just guess I would!" cried the little girl. "And so would Elizabeth!"

"Pooh! A doll can't eat cocoanuts!" said Bunny.

"My doll can," Sue said.

"Oh, you mean make believe," said Bunny.

"Yes, make believe," answered Sue. "Oh, Bunny," she went on, "let's ask daddy and mother if we can go on the island!"

"That'll be lots of fun!" said the little boy.

They ran to their parents, who were just then coming out on deck, and told what they wanted to do. Mr. Brown said:

"That's queer! I was just going to ask you if you wouldn't like to go ashore." He turned to his wife. "We have been on the vessel several days and you must be getting tired of it."

"No, not very," replied Mrs. Brown. "But it would be nice to go ashore on the island if we could."

"I'll ask Captain Ward about it," said Mr. Brown.

He went to find the commander, and, coming back a little later, Mr. Brown reported:

"Captain Ward says we may go ashore if we like. He will have a boat lowered for us and give us two sailors to row us to the shore

of the island. There is a little sheltered bay where we can land without going through the surf. It will be several hours before the tide is high enough to try to get the *Beacon* off the sand-bar, and while we are waiting we can go on the island."

"Are any other passengers going ashore?" Mrs. Brown wanted to know.

"I think we are the only ones," her husband said. "The children will like it."

"Yes, they'll enjoy it," said their mother.

When the boat was lowered and Bunny and Sue were helped into it, they shouted with delight at the prospect of landing on the island where the cocoanut trees grew.

"Hold fast!" cried one of the sailors, as he and his mate rowed the boat away from the ship and toward the island.

CHAPTER XVI

LEFT BEHIND

VERY calm was the sea over which Bunny and Sue were being rowed toward the coconut island, as the children called it. The waves were not at all high and the ocean was more like Sandport Bay, on which Bunker Blue often took the Brown children for a row.

"It hardly seems like the ocean at all," said Mrs. Brown.

"True," agreed her husband. "We could almost land on the island through the open surf."

"Better not try it, though," said one of the sailors, whose name was Will Gand. "We'll put in the little bay."

"It will be safer," agreed the other man from the *Beacon*. His name was Sam Trend. "We might get in safe, because there isn't much surf to speak of," he went on. "But

sometimes a big roller will come up out of the calmest sea, and it might upset the boat and get the children's feet wet."

"I could take off my shoes and stockings and wade," declared Sue.

"Yes, but Sam is right," said Mrs. Brown. "We don't want to get wet when there is no need."

"We're often wet," announced Sue.

"I wouldn't be afraid if the boat upset!" boasted Bunny. "I can swim!"

"So can I!" added Sue, and it was true. Young as they were, the two little Browns had been taught by their father to take care of themselves in the water.

"Well, if the boat upset the things to eat in it might get wet," said the sailor, Will Gand. "That would be a pity."

"Oh, have we got things to eat in this boat?" cried Bunny. "I didn't know that! We can have a picnic on the island, can't we?"

"I had one of the stewards pack up some food in a basket," said Mr. Brown, pointing to a large hamper under a seat. "I thought maybe we would eat our lunch here. It will

be afternoon before the tide will rise high enough to float the ship."

"Oh, I didn't mean that your picnic lunch would get wet," said the sailor who had spoken of the danger of the boat upsetting. "I meant that the provisions this boat is stocked with might get soaked."

"Is there other food in this boat than that which Mr. Brown has in the basket?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, yes'm," said Will Gand. "You see Captain Ward always keeps his lifeboats stocked with things to eat. He says you never can tell when you'll have to launch them in a hurry, and there might be no time in case of a wreck when you have to leave the ship in a rush to put things in the boats. So they're kept stocked."

"And there's fresh water on board this boat, too." The sailor pointed to a locker, or compartment, up in the bow and nodded toward another locker in the stern. "They are both well filled with things to eat," he said. "It's mostly canned stuff, though."

"Oh, well, that would keep us alive if we

had to stay here," said Mr. Brown, with a laugh. "That's a good idea of Captain Ward's—to have the lifeboats stocked with food and water."

"Yes," agreed Sam Trend. "You never can tell when you're going to be wrecked, and sometimes you have to take to the boats a thousand miles from land. In that case the shipwrecked ones could live for a week or more on what's aboard."

"But we aren't shipwrecked, are we?" asked Bunny.

"No, little man, you aren't," answered Will Gand. "But if we had been going fast and had hit the sand-bar harder, we might be going to pieces now instead of having our ship safe and sound."

"I don't like to think of it," said Mrs. Brown.

By this time the boat was nearer the island and it could be seen that Bunny's guess was right—the trees that fringed the shore were cocoanut palms.

"And if there are cocoanuts on them can we eat some?" Sue asked.

"We'll see about it," was her mother's answer.

"Cocoanuts are all right if you don't eat too many," said Sam Trend. "The milky pulp of a cocconut makes a fine drink."

"I want some!" announced Bunny Brown.

"Be patient until you get on shore," said his father.

The boat was rowed around to the little bay where two long, sheltering rocky points kept the big waves from breaking. It was a calm and safe place to land.

The boat grated on the sandy, pebbly shore, and as one of the sailors jumped out to pull it farther up the beach, Bunny scrambled over the edge.

"I'm on shore! I'm on shore!" he cried, gayly dancing about.

"It certainly is a good feeling to know we are once more on solid land," sighed Mrs. Brown, with an air of contentment. "I like voyaging," she added quickly, "but I'm glad to be ashore once again."

"Yes, so am I," said Mr. Brown.

Sue was lifted out of the boat, and then the

sailors took out the basket of lunch and carried it up, putting it under some of the green, graceful palm trees. Mr. Brown told the sailors they could roam about wherever they liked, but to come back to the boat at noon, when they would be given something to eat.

"Thank you, sir," said Will, touching his cap, and Sam did likewise. Then Mr. Brown stretched out on his back under one of the palm trees.

"Oh, it's fine here!" he said with a long breath of contentment.

"Lovely," agreed his wife.

"I'm going to get a cocoanut!" cried Bunny.

"Don't eat any without showing them to us first!" warned his mother, as Sue and the little boy raced off toward another clump of trees which were laden with nuts. "He might eat the wrong thing," she added.

"You can't make much of a mistake with a cocoanut," said Mr. Brown, laughing. "Still, it's best to be on the safe side. Anyhow, they can't open a cocoanut without help. I guess we'll have to depend on the big knives of the sailors for that."

A little later Bunny and Sue came running back, each with a large cocoanut, having picked them up off the ground where they had doubtless been blown by the late storm.

"Open it and let us drink some of the juice!" begged Bunny.

Mr. Brown called to the sailors, and with their heavy clasp knives they cut through the soft, but thick, fibrous husk which encloses all cocoanuts. The nut itself was much smaller than it appeared on first view, and the shell enclosing the white meat was much thinner than the husk covering.

On the end of each inner nut were three small dark dots, and, being softer than the rest of the shell, these places were easily pierced by a sort of drill blade, or punch, in Will's knife.

"Now, if you have a cup I'll pour the milk out for you," he said to Bunny, for he had first opened the nut of the little boy.

There were cups in the lunch basket, and into one of these was soon gurgling the white, sweet milky fluid—the milk of the cocoanut, than which there is no better drink.

Bunny and Sue much enjoyed theirs. Other nuts were gathered and opened, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, as well as the sailors, drinking the milk.

Then Bunny and Sue played on the sand, finding pretty shells and pebbles and now and then a bit of coral. The two sailors strolled down the sands while Mr. and Mrs. Brown rested under the shade of the cocoanut palm trees.

They could look off to the *Beacon* which was still aground on the sand-bar, no effort having as yet been made to pull her off into deep water.

Almost before the children realized it noon had come, and Mrs. Brown set out a lunch from the well-filled basket. Some was given the sailors, who took their portions down near the rowboat, pulled up on the beach.

"That steward gave us enough for several meals," said Mrs. Brown. "We shall have to take a great deal of it back with us. There is no use leaving it here on the island. No one lives here."

"No, I guess no one does," said Mr. Brown.



THE BOAT WAS ROWED AROUND TO A LITTLE BAY.
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But he was mistaken about that. "Though if we stay until late this afternoon, as we may," he went on, "Bunny and Sue will probably want to eat again."

"I suppose so," said his wife.

The voyagers wandered about the island, and in one place they found a small spring of water trickling down over the rocks in a little cataract. They drank this water in preference to some they had brought with them from the ship.

"Well, it's time we began to think of going back, I guess," said Mr. Brown, as the shadows began to lengthen toward the east.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown. "Look, they are starting to move the *Beacon* off the sand bar, I believe!"

She pointed to the stranded steamer, from the funnel of which black smoke was pouring.

"They're starting the engines," said the sailor, Will Gand.

"And they'll have her off soon, for it's high water now," added his mate.

"The ship won't go away and leave us, will it?" asked Bunny.

"Of course not!" laughed his mother.

As they were getting ready to enter the boat to row back to the steamer one of the sailors cried:

"There! She's off the bar! They've moved her!"

The others looked and saw the *Beacon* drawing away from the island. She was headed toward it when she ran on the bar of sand beneath the waves.

Then, as they still gazed, they saw the ship slowly swing about and head off and around the other way, going directly from the island. Faster and faster she began to move.

"Why! Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "They're going away from us! They're leaving us behind!"

CHAPTER XVII

AN ISLAND HUT

MRS. BROWN was so excited that she began running up and down the beach, waving her handkerchief toward the *Beacon*, which was fast sailing away from the cocoanut island.

But Mr. Brown appeared to be very cool about it.

"Don't worry, my dear," he said to his wife. "Captain Ward wouldn't go away and leave us on this island."

"But he is going away!" cried Sue Brown.

"Can't you see the ship leaving us?" asked Bunny, and he pointed to it.

"Yes, it is going away, but only off the sand-bar," said Mr. Brown. "The captain wants to get into deep water before the tide begins to fall."

"That's all it is," said Will Gand. "You can depend on that. Captain Ward wouldn't

leave us cast away on a desert island—though this isn't exactly a desert island," the man said, with a laugh. "We have things to eat, and there's plenty of cocoanuts."

"And it's so warm that we could sleep out of doors all night," added Sam Trend. "That is, all except the children, maybe," he concluded.

"Oh, are we going to stay here all night?" cried Bunny. "I'd like to do that!"

"If we are, I'm going to make a bed for Elizabeth," said Sue.

"I think there will be no need of that," said Mrs. Brown. "I did fear at first that the ship was going away from us. But if you think she will stop and come back for us, it will be all right," she said to her husband.

"Oh, the ship will stop as soon as she gets into deep water," said Mr. Brown. "As for coming back, I hardly think it would be safe for her to do that. She will probably come to anchor well beyond the bar and wait for us to row out to her."

"Then we had better begin rowing out at once," Mrs. Brown said. "It's getting late,

and we don't want to stay here all night."

"Yes, we can start rowing," agreed the children's father.

"Right you are, sir!" exclaimed Will Gand. "Come on, mate!" he called to his companion. "Shove off!"

The sailors ran the boat down to the edge of the water and helped Mrs. Brown, Bunny and Sue into the craft. Then Mr. Brown got in, with what remained of the lunch in the basket, and the sailors pushed the boat into the little bay until she floated.

Then they began rowing out toward the *Beacon*. But of course a ship, going by steam power, moves faster than a rowboat, and after a little while Mrs. Brown, who had been looking across the water that separated them from the steamer, called out:

"We aren't gaining on them!"

"No," said Mr. Brown, with a puzzled look on his face, "we aren't. I should think they would be in deep water now, shouldn't you?" he asked the sailors.

"Yes, sir," answered Sam. "It's deep enough water where she is now. Out there,

there's no danger of going aground again on the bar."

"Then why doesn't Captain Ward stop so we can get on board?" demanded Bunny.

"That's what I've been wondering," said the sailor, Will, as he rested on his oars, for both men had been pulling hard. "It looks like to me, sir," he said to Mr. Brown, "that they're going on faster. They aren't going to drop anchor, nor yet turn around and come back for us."

"It does seem so," said Mr. Brown, and again he had that worried, curious look on his face.

"Oh, they must stop! They must stop and come back for us!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "We can't stay here alone! Can they have forgotten us?"

"They can't have forgotten us!" said Mr. Brown. "Captain Ward and his mate knew we were coming ashore!"

"They wouldn't deliberately go away and leave us, would they, Walter?" asked his wife. Bunny and Sue wondered what all this would lead to.

"Oh, no, Captain Ward would never do a thing like that!" said Will Gand. "He isn't that kind of a sailor. But he certainly is leaving us behind."

"Something's wrong on board, you can depend on that," stated Sam Trend, and he, too, ceased rowing.

"Something wrong, what do you mean?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I mean with the ship," answered Sam. "Maybe they can't turn around and come back after us. The steering gear might have broken when she went aground."

"Yes, that could have happened," said Mr. Brown. "But that 'wouldn't prevent them from stopping, would it? They could shut off the engines, anchor, and wait for us, couldn't they?"

"Surely they could!" cried Mrs. Brown. "Something dreadful must have happened."

"It does look queer," admitted Will Gand. "I don't see why they don't stop. Something sure is wrong on board."

"Unless," said the other sailor, "the water is shallower than we know anything about and

Captain Ward isn't taking any chances. He may want to get a mile or two away from the sand bar."

"Maybe," said Mr. Brown. But while they waited and anxiously watched, the *Beacon* steamed farther and farther off until it was plain that she was not going to stop.

"They have gone away and deserted us!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "What are we going to do?"

"What are we going to do?" repeated her husband quickly. "Why, we are going back and camp on Cocoanut Island and have a regular picnic until the ship comes back for us! That's what we're going to do!" he said.

"Hurray!" cried Bunny Brown. "We'll camp on Cocoanut Island and have lots of fun!"

"Hurray!" echoed Sister Sue.

In a low voice Mr. Brown said to his wife:

"Don't let the children see that you are worried. I don't know why the ship has gone and left us, but I know she will come back. We mustn't frighten the children."

"No; you're right," answered his wife.

"I'm sorry I let myself show worry. I'm sure it will be all right. As you say, we mustn't let the children know."

So, pretending that it was all a jolly lark, Mr. and Mrs. Brown smiled at Bunny and Sue. The sailors also realized that they must pretend it was all in fun, and they were quite ready to play their parts.

"Well, shall we row back to the island?" asked Sam.

"Yes," answered Mr. Brown. "There is no use in rowing after the ship any longer. She may not be back until late to-night."

"Shall we stay here until then?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," answered his mother.

"We have enough to eat," went on the little boy. "There's some in our basket yet and there's more in the boat."

"Yes, there's plenty in the boat for all of us for a week," said Sam Trend.

"Where are we going to sleep?" Sue asked.

"Under the boat," answered Will.

"Under the boat?" repeated the little girl curiously.

"Yes," went on the sailor. "We'll haul the boat up on the sand and turn her over. You can crawl under it and sleep."

"I've done that many a time," said Sam. "It's as good as a tent when the weather is as warm as it is down here."

"Oh, won't that be nice!" cried Sue.

"It will be just like camping out," added Bunny.

Owing to the change in the tide, they did not land on the same stretch of the beach on which they had first come ashore, but about a mile to the south. And as the boat was pulled up on the sand and the castaways got out, Bunny looked toward the pine trees and some low bushes growing under them and, pointing, said:

"Look! There's a little house!"

To the surprise of all, they beheld a small hut made of pieces of driftwood and palm leaves and branches. It stood in a clump of trees, and the opening was closed with a grass mat, or curtain, which flapped in the wind.

"Oh, what a nice little house!" cried Sue,

running toward it. "We can stay in there instead of under the boat to-night!"

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, catching hold of Sue before she could run very far.

"But I want to go into the little house," she said.

"Some one may already be living there," said her mother in a low voice. "We must wait and see first, Sue."

Silently they all stood looking toward the island hut.

CHAPTER XVIII

ANOTHER STORM

BUNNY and Sue thought of the hut only as a place wherein they might play until the ship came back for them. They thought this would be in an hour or two.

But Mr. Brown and his wife and the two sailors began to think that something serious had happened aboard the *Beacon* and that she might not return for many days. In that case the hut would be a good shelter for the castaways.

"There doesn't seem to be any one in it," observed Mr. Brown, after waiting several seconds. No one came out of the hut and there was no sound within.

"It doesn't look as if anybody had ever lived on this island," said the sailor, Will.

"Then how did the hut get built?" asked his mate. "It didn't put itself up."

"That's evident," agreed Mrs. Brown.
"Some one must have been here."

"I guess you're right, lady," replied Will.
"But there's no one here at present."

They were walking slowly toward the palm leaf house when Bunny said:

"Maybe they're asleep."

"Who?" asked his mother.

"Whoever lives in there," Bunny answered, going a step nearer.

"That's so," said Mr. Brown. "I didn't think of that." Then he suddenly called: "Hello there! Anybody inside?"

"My, what a shout!" exclaimed his wife, putting her hands over her ears. "That would awaken any one."

But no one came out of the hut, which seemed to prove that no one was in there.

"I'll go and take a look," offered Sam. Going forward quietly, he thrust his head in behind the swaying curtain of palm leaves and grass, woven together as if done by a native. "Nobody here," he said. "It will be a good place to stay for the night, especially for the children."

"Isn't there room for all of us?" asked Mrs. Brown, who liked the sailors, having found them kind and obliging.

"We'll bunk under the boat," said Will Gand. "We're more used to that."

"That's right," agreed his mate.

Making sure that the hut was vacant, they all went closer and looked inside. It contained nothing except some rudely made mats of grass and leaves and some low stools made of wood. In one corner on a flat stone were some ashes of a fire.

"Some one must have lived here and cooked here," said Mrs. Brown. "But as the hut hasn't any chimney, I should think they would have been smoked out."

"Perhaps they used charcoal," said her husband. "That doesn't smoke much and the fumes of it would go out of the cracks," and he pointed to several openings in the walls and roof of the hut.

"I like it here," said Bunny Brown.

"So do I," echoed Sister Sue.

"Well, it will be the best place for us to stay, I think," said Mrs. Brown. "Do you

really think the ship will be gone all night?" she asked her husband.

"It's hard to say," he answered. "What happened I don't know. But I don't believe Captain Ward purposely went away and left us. He will be back as soon as he can and take us off. Meanwhile we must make the best of it."

"That's what we'll do," said Mrs. Brown, with a little laugh. "We'll camp out here. I brought along some steamer rugs," she added to her husband. "They are in the boat. I thought maybe the children might want to lie down here on the island. Now the rugs will be bed clothes for us. We have plenty of food, but I should like something hot. I don't suppose," she said to the sailors, "that there is anything like a teakettle in the boat or some tea? We might make a fire and have tea, if there was," she said.

"Yes'm, there's tea in the boat, and coffee too," said Will.

"There is?" cried Mrs. Brown, in delight.

"And a teakettle and a tea pot and a coffee pot," added Sam.

"And some pans and an alcohol stove that burns funny white cubes of fuel," proceeded Will.

"How wonderful!" cried Bunny's mother. "Why, we can really camp out now on our wonderful island and live here in the grass hut. It isn't going to be half as bad as I thought. I didn't see how we were going to have anything hot, but with tea and coffee and warm soup—for I suppose there is canned soup in the boat—we shall be very well off."

"Yes'm, there's canned soup in the boat lockers," said Will. "Captain Ward always has his lifeboats stocked with enough to keep shipwrecked folks comfortable. It was him as put in the alcohol stove, for he knew that out in an open boat you can't build a fire."

"Well, as long as we must stay here," said Mr. Brown, "we had better get the things out of the boat and see about a meal. It will soon be time for supper. We'll also get up the steamer rugs and see about making some beds for the children," he added.

"Sam and I will cut some palm leaves and grass and put them in the hut," offered Will.

"They'll make a soft bed with a rug on top."

"You'd better put some grass under your boat, if you are going to sleep beneath it," said Mrs. Brown.

"That's what we'll do," agreed Sam.

Mr. Brown looked off across the ocean. Only a faint smoke from the *Beacon* was now to be seen. She was going farther and farther away every minute. Mr. Brown could not understand it.

Soon the island was a busy place, with the sailors bringing the things up out of the boat and with Mrs. Brown getting ready to cook a meal over the alcohol stove. It was really rather a large stove and two or three things could be heated at once in special pans made to fit closely together.

There were many kinds of canned food in the boat lockers, and the balmy evening air that hovered over Cocconut Island, as Bunny called it, was soon fragrant with the aroma of the cooking. Sue and her brother sniffed the air hungrily. So did the two sailors.

There were tin plates and cups in the boat and a box cast up on the beach was made to

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ON THE ROLLING OCEAN

serve as a table. Soon all were seated about it on the warm sand, eating a jolly meal.

"I'm glad we came here," said Bunny Brown.

"So'm I," echoed his sister Sue. "Elizabeth likes it, too. Eat your dinner, Elizabeth," she went on, pretending to feed the doll.

"Pooh, she can't eat!" scoffed Bunny.

"She can so!" cried Sue. "My child can sleep and eat and talk."

"You can't hear her talk," said Bunny.

"Well, maybe you can't hear her," admitted Sue. "She talks, all the same. She talks in whispers."

"Well, I never heard her," said the little boy.

After the meal the children played on the sand and went down to the edge of the water, finding a big crab which they watched as it walked along in its funny, side motion.

"Better not try to pick it up," warned Mrs. Brown.

But Bunny and Sue, being children of a fish dealer, knew enough to let big crabs alone.

It grew dark quickly, as it always does down near the equator, and when Mrs. Brown had made up the rug beds for the two children they were glad to crawl into them.

"It's funny, going to bed with your clothes on," laughed Bunny, for neither he nor his sister could undress, there being no pajamas for them.

"It's like camping out," his father said, and indeed it was. Will and Sam made their bed beneath the overturned boat, far up on the sand out of reach of the tide, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown lay down in the hut with the children.

For a time neither the father nor the mother of Bunny and Sue could sleep. But at last they dropped off into slumber. How long they were asleep they did not know. But they were suddenly awakened by Bunny calling out:

"I'm all wet! The rain is coming in on me!"

Mr. Brown had with him a pocket flashlight, and, switching this on, he saw a stream

of water coming through the roof of the hut. And, at the same time, he became aware that there was a storm.

The wind was blowing and shaking the frail grass hut. Out on the beach the waves could be heard pounding the sand.

"What is happening?" asked Mrs. Brown, who was now awake, as was also Sue.

"Bunny is getting a shower bath," said Mr. Brown. "It's raining and the hut is leaking."

"What a terrible storm!" cried Mrs. Brown, as the hut shook in the gale of wind. Then Sue began to cry.

CHAPTER XIX

CAMPING OUT

BUNNY BROWN and his sister Sue began to think that never in all their lives had they felt so sad and unhappy. They were on a strange island, and though at first it had seemed fun, now, without any soft bed to sleep in, sheltered under only a grass and palm leaf hut, and with the rain coming in—well, it is no wonder Sue cried. Bunny started to shed a few tears, and then he remembered that his daddy, only a few days before, had said that “boys of your age, Bunny, don’t cry.”

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, too, began to think that this was the most miserable of all the many adventurous trips they had taken with the children. They were wondering about the ship’s coming back, though Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did not think so much of this matter.

But Mr. Brown quickly saw that he must do something to cheer up his family. There was no real danger, he decided.

"Don't cry, Sue!" he called to his little girl, who was already in her mother's arms. "A little rain isn't going to hurt, is it, Son?" he asked the small lad.

"No—I—now—I like it," replied Bunny, thus turning himself into a little hero.

"See, Sue," laughed Mr. Brown, as he pulled the rug and grass bed of the children out from under the hole in the roof, "Bunny likes it. Don't cry."

"I wasn't crying 'cause—'cause—Bunny was getting wet," said Sue.

"Then why are you crying, dear?" asked her mother.

"'Cause—maybe—I guess—'cause I'm afraid Elizabeth will catch cold," was the answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown laughed at this, and even Bunny smiled. Really Sue made up that excuse right out of her own head, so to speak. She was crying because she was a little afraid and things were strange, but she did not want

to say so, and that is why she spoke of Elizabeth's catching cold.

"Well, we will cover your doll up so she won't get wet," said Mrs. Brown. "But, dear me!" she added to her husband, "I'm afraid we're all going to get wet. Look, the roof is leaking in another place, Walter."

Surely enough, drops were coming through just over the pile of grass and leaves which had served for Mrs. Brown's and her husband's bed.

"Looks as if we'd have to move out of our picnic hut," said Mr. Brown. "I guess there will be room for all of us beneath the boat."

Before they could make a move to get out the parents of the children, and Bunny and Sue also, heard voices calling to them outside the hut.

"Hello in there!" a voice shouted.

Another asked:

"Are you all right in the hut?"

"It's the two sailors," said Mr. Brown. His wife said:

"No, we're not quite all right. The roof is leaking."

"That's what we came up to fix," said Will Gand. "I saw last night that that roof wasn't very tight. Sam and I have a big piece of canvas from the boat. We'll throw it over the roof and that will keep out the rain. Can you show a light? It's as dark as a coal bin out here."

"Wait a minute!" said Mr. Brown.

He stepped to the door of the hut and flashed the powerful little electric torch. In its glow he could see the two sailors standing in the rain. Mrs. Brown also had a glimpse of them and called:

"Oh, you poor men, you're getting soaking wet!"

"We don't mind that!" laughed Sam Trend. "We're used to it. And it's a warm rain—it will do us good."

The sailors were carrying a large piece of canvas between them, and as Mr. Brown held the light one of them climbed a tree near the hut and tossed the tarpaulin over the grass shelter. It was pulled down over the sides and made fast with ropes, as only sailors know how to do work like that.

"Now you'll be dry," said Will.

"Yes; but you two are all wet," replied Mrs. Brown from within the shelter of the hut, through the roof of which no more rain came.

"Oh, we don't mind," said Sam.

Fastening the big canvas over the hut was exactly like putting the grass shelter inside a tent. And now, no matter how hard it rained, Bunny and his sister would not get wet. The men ran back to their shelter under the boat and the storm raged harder than ever.

The rain seemed to come down in bucket-fuls, as one of the sailors said afterward, and the wind blew hard, though not hard enough to rip off the canvas or tear apart the frail hut.

"Well, we're better off than we were," said Mr. Brown, when it was certain that no more rain was coming in.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Brown. "Now go to sleep, my dears."

"Shall we go on the ship to-morrow?" Sue wanted to know. "I don't think Elizabeth likes it here very much."

"Everything will be nicer to-morrow," said Mrs. Brown, not giving any decided answer

about the ship, for in her heart she did not believe it would come back. But she did not want to say so. "To-morrow the sun will be shining," she went on, "and we'll pick some more cocoanuts and have a picnic in the woods."

"Oh, shall we?" cried Bunny, smiling now.

"Surely we will."

"And maybe you'll bake a cocoanut cake, Mother!" exclaimed Sue.

"Well, we have plenty of cocoanuts, that's sure," laughed Mrs. Brown. "But I'm afraid I couldn't quite make a cake. However, we'll have some fun when the sun shines to-morrow."

"Yes, we'll have lots of fun," echoed Bunny. "And I'm going in swimming."

"We'll see about that," was all his father would promise. And when the children were once more asleep, with the rain pattering on the canvas roof, Mrs. Brown said to her husband:

"I only hope the sun will shine to-morrow and that the *Beacon* will come back for us."

"I think everything will be all right," re-

plied Mr. Brown. "Storms don't generally last very long down here at this time of year. And the ship will surely return. She would have done so at once, I'm sure, only something must be wrong with the machinery."

"Why didn't they anchor and wait for us to row out to them?" asked Mrs. Brown. "That's what I can't understand."

"Perhaps Captain Ward was afraid of anchoring so near a sand-bar with another storm coming up," suggested her husband. "I'm sure they will be back for us to-morrow."

"I hope so!" sighed Mrs. Brown, as she again lay down on the pile of grass and tried to get a little sleep.

She dozed off, as did her husband, for they were very tired. When they awakened it was to hear Bunny gayly shouting:

"The sun is shining! The rain has stopped! I'm going in swimming in the ocean!"

"So am I! I'm going swimming, too!" cried Sue.

"Stop them! Don't let them go in yet! It would be just like them to dash into the water. Stop them, Walter!" cried Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Brown jumped up from the grass bed and saw Bunny and Sue going out of the door of the hut, Sue carrying her Elizabeth doll whom, doubtless, she intended bathing.

"Wait a minute!" laughed Mr. Brown, catching hold of the children. "Let's see about this swimming business! I must pick out a good place for you—you don't want to go in where there are any whales."

"Oh, no, of course not!" cried Sue.

"All right—we'll wait," agreed Bunny, who had not thought of this.

As Bunny had said, the storm had stopped and the sun was shining. It was a lovely morning and the sea was calm. Cocoanut Island was a beautiful place.

Will and Sam had come out from beneath the boat and were down at the edge of the sea washing their hands and faces.

"We'll soon have some hot coffee made for you!" called Will, for the alcohol stove had been put back in the boat locker with the spare food.

In a little while Mr. and Mrs. Brown were sipping the hot coffee while Bunny and Sue

were drinking warm milk. No, it was not real, fresh milk, for the milkman did not stop at Cocconut Island and there were no cows on it, so far as the castaways knew. But in the boat were cans of evaporated milk, and when this had been warmed with a little hot water it made a good drink for the children.

"Now we'll get ready to camp out for the rest of the day or until the ship comes back," said Mr. Brown. "One of the first things to do, I think, is to make another grass hut for the sailors. I don't like to think of them sleeping under the boat."

"We don't mind it," laughed Will. "But we can easily make another hut, if you like. And we'll fix the roof on yours to-day."

Mrs. Brown was gazing out over the ocean. Suddenly she pointed and cried:

"Is that the ship coming back?"

CHAPTER XX

THE WOODEN HOUSE

FOR a time it seemed that the small, black speck on the sea, toward which Mrs. Brown pointed, might be the *Beacon* returning. But soon Will Gand remarked:

"That's only a bird—a seagull, I guess. It's soaring upward."

And that is what the speck did—mount, showing that it must have been a bird of some sort, though, at a distance, it looked like a ship on the water.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Brown, greatly disappointed.

"Never mind," her husband said. "It will come some time to-day, I'm sure."

"I don't care if the ship comes back or not," declared Bunny Brown. "I like it here now."

"So do I," echoed his sister Sue. "We're

going to have some fun, aren't we, Bunny?"

"Yes," he answered. "We're going in swimming, aren't we, Daddy?"

Mr. Brown looked at his wife, smiled, and answered:

"As we haven't any bathing suits for you two, I think that wading is about all you can do. Won't that be enough?"

Bunny and Sue decided that it would be, and perhaps they were thinking of the "whale" about which their father had spoken in a joking way.

A little later Mrs. Brown let the children take off their shoes and stockings and splash about in the little cove where there was no surf and where the boat had first landed.

Mr. Brown was busy helping the sailors make another hut of the big palm leaves and grass which grew all about. Sam Trend had been in the tropics before and had watched the natives make their huts, so he knew how it was done and could tell the others.

In a short time a second hut was made near the first one, and this was for Will and Sam to sleep in, since it was somewhat cramped

under the boat, though they did not find any fault.

"I wonder who made that first hut?" said Mrs. Brown to her husband, coming up the beach and leaving Bunny and Sue paddling in the warm water.

"Perhaps some natives lived here at one time," said Mr. Brown. "Though we haven't seen any signs of their being here now, it's true. Or the hut may have been put up by some fishermen who stayed here for a time. It's a good thing they left it for us."

"Yes, it is," agreed his wife. "But don't you think we had better take a walk around this island to see how big it is and whether or not there really is any one else besides ourselves on it?"

"That would be a good idea," replied Mr. Brown. "And on the other side of the island we may find a better place to stay than where we are."

It was planned to make the trip as soon as the grass hut was finished, which would be in about a half hour. Mrs. Brown walked about and picked up some of the cocoanuts which

the wind of the night before had blown down.

"Bunny and Sue will want some of the co-coanut milk to drink after they finish playing in the water," she said. She looked down the beach at the two children splashing about.

Suddenly Sue gave a scream and dashed out of the water, her little skirts held high.

"Oh, Bunny! Bunny!" she cried. "It's a big crab and it's going to bite my toes!"

Bunny looked in the water where his sister pointed after she was safe up on the dry beach.

"It wasn't a crab at all," he shouted. "It's just a bunch of seaweed. Come on back!"

"Well, anyhow, it felt like a crab nibbling my toes," said Sue.

Slowly she went back to her brother who was still in the water, but before Sue went in she looked carefully to make sure there were no crabs. Bunny held up on a stick the bunch of seaweed which was what really had tangled itself around Sue's legs.

"Play in the water a little longer," called Mrs. Brown to the children. "Then we are going to walk around the island."

"Oh, that'll be fun!" cried Bunny. "Maybe

we'll find something. Come on, Sue! I've waded enough."

"So have I," said his sister. "Do you think we'll find any flowers, Mother? I want to get some for Elizabeth."

"Pooh! A doll doesn't want any flowers!" cried Bunny. "She can't smell them!"

"My Elizabeth doll can smell!" retorted Sue.

"Huh! Make believe!" scoffed Bunny.

"Well, make believe is all right," and Sue seemed well satisfied with this.

They sat on the sands until their feet were dry enough to put on their shoes and stockings. By this time Mr. Brown had finished helping the two sailors build their hut and was ready to go with his wife and children for a walk around the island.

"We'll stay here near the boat," said Will. "Can't tell but what some natives might be hiding in the bushes and would come out to take our provisions."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Mr. Brown. "But I hardly think any one is on this island but ourselves."

"Anyhow, if the ship comes back, some one ought to be here to signal her," said Sam.

"Oh, by all means!" said Mrs. Brown. "Wave to her, make a smoky fire, do anything to let her know we are here, and don't let her get away without taking us off."

Leaving the two sailors on watch, Mr. and Mrs. Brown started to walk along the shore of the island and away from their little camp. Bunny and Sue followed. The children were always glad to go walking with their parents, for there were so many interesting things to see.

Cocoanut Island was a larger place than Mr. Brown had at first thought. They went to the top of a little hill not far from the beach, and from this height they could see that the place where they had been left ashore was several miles long and about a mile wide.

"It will take us too long to walk around the island," decided Mr. Brown, as they came down the hill on the other side. "I think the best plan will be to walk across the place and see what's there."

They did this. In about half an hour, for

they did not walk fast, they reached the other shore. There was a little cove here also, and palm trees were waving in the wind.

"It isn't any better, though," said Mrs. Brown, "than the place where we have our camp."

"Yes, it is some better," said Bunny Brown.

"Why?" asked his father.

"There's a wooden house here. Look!"

To the surprise of his father and mother, who had not yet seen it, Bunny pointed out a little house which stood in a clump of palm trees some distance up the beach.

"It's a wooden house," went on Bunny. "And it would be nicer to live in than the grass hut. Let's go to the wooden house."

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very much surprised.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WILD MAN

BUNNY and Sue would at once have rushed down the sand toward the funny little wooden house, just as they would have dashed toward the grass hut when they first saw that. But Mr. Brown called to them to wait.

"We want to see if any one is in that hut before we go too near," he said. "Perhaps some one is living there."

"Oh!" murmured Bunny, and Sue clasped her doll closer as if she feared some one from the wooden house would come forth to take Elizabeth.

"Isn't it rather queer to find a wooden house on an island like this?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, it is," agreed her husband. "This must have been built by a white man, for natives would not take the trouble to put up anything more than a leaf or grass hut, which does them very well."

"However, there doesn't seem to be any one in that place—neither native nor white man," went on Mrs. Brown after a pause, during which they all looked intently at the small house. "It may be like the hut—deserted."

"It seems so," said her husband, while Bunny and Sue waited for what would next happen. "Hello in there!" suddenly called Mr. Brown in a loud voice. "Is any one there?"

No one answered nor did any one come forth. After waiting a little longer Mr. Brown walked slowly toward the house, followed by his wife and the children. And as he drew near it Mr. Brown cried out:

"Why, it's a ship's deckhouse. This is part of a wrecked ship that has been washed up on shore. I thought it looked so at the first glimpse I had of it, and now I am sure. This house is part of a ship."

"What ship?" Sue Brown wanted to know.

"That would be hard to say unless the name of the vessel was painted somewhere on the house," answered her father. "But let's look inside."

When they had done this they found the ship's house to be well fitted up for a home. On one side of the place were two berths like those in the *Beacon*, only smaller. One of these was arranged with blankets and a pillow and it looked as if it was ready for some one to sleep in. The upper berth was not made up, but there was a pile of blankets in it.

In the middle of the little house was a table, and on it were some dishes. A few boxes served as chairs. In a corner a rough fireplace had been made of stones, plastered together with mud and sand.

"Some one has been living here!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"Yes," agreed her husband. "And it looks, from the neatness of it, to be the home of some sailor. No native would keep the place so nice."

"Look! Here is a lot of canned food," said Mrs. Brown, opening the door of a cupboard. On the shelves were arranged many cans of things to eat.

"I can guess what has happened," said Mr. Brown. "The ship, of which this deckhouse

was a part, was wrecked on this island, or near it. There must have been big waves to have washed the house this far up on the sand, or else the shipwrecked sailors hauled it here. There must have been more than one of them to do the work, for the house is heavy."

"Well, where are the sailors now?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Maybe they went home," suggested Sue.

"They seem to have deserted the place," said Mr. Brown. "Like the grass hut, this place has been lived in, but there is no one here now."

Mrs. Brown, who had been walking about the place looking at things here and there, went over to the stone fireplace and held her hand down near the ashes.

"What's the matter, Mother, are your hands cold?" asked Sue.

"No, I wanted to see if these ashes were warm," was the answer. "And they are!" she called to her husband. "Feel, Walter! These embers aren't cold yet! That shows some one has been living here very lately. They must

have gone out just before we came in! They must have cooked their breakfast here!"

She stood up and looked at her husband. He came over and put his hand down near the ashes.

"Yes," he said, "there has been a fire here within two hours. I am sure now that there is some one on this island besides ourselves. We must look about."

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Brown. "I wonder who it can be?"

"Some sailor, you can depend on that," her husband answered. "No one but a sailor would have things arranged like this. It is in shipshape fashion. We must send Will and Sam over to look at this. They may be able to tell from what ship this house was torn away."

"Could we come and live here?" Bunny asked. "I think it's nicer than the grass hut."

"So do I," added Sue. "It's got a door to it that shuts, and windows with glass in 'em."

This last was only partly true, for out of the windows, of which there were two on either

side, most of the glass was broken. It was surprising that even a single pane remained, when one stops to think of the violent storm that had torn the house loose from the ship.

"I hardly think we had better move our camp over here until we see who is living here," said Mr. Brown. "Whoever does, has a right to this place and they might not like visitors. But if we find that the person who left this place isn't coming back, then we would have a right to come here. Let's look about a bit outside."

There were several chests and boxes in the deckhouse, but these Mr. Brown did not open, though they were not locked. He wanted first to find out what sort of person or persons had been living in the place, cooking over the fire-place and sleeping in the lower bunk.

However, there was little outside to tell anything. Scattered about the beach were broken boxes and barrels and what seemed to be part of a wrecked vessel of some sort.

"It was a sailing ship and not a steamer, that much is sure," said Mr. Brown, as he and the children picked up pieces of wood. "If

we could find out the name we would know more about the wreck."

Mrs. Brown was growing curious, now that it was certain some one else was on the island besides themselves. She wondered who he was and how long he had been here.

"If we could only find out who it is," she said to her husband.

"We will in a little while, I'm sure," he said. "The place isn't very big."

"But there are many places to conceal one," Mrs. Brown went on, a sudden thought coming to her. "The cocoanut palm trees and bushes are very thick. Even now some one may be hiding and looking out on us."

"Whoever has been living in that house," said Mr. Brown, turning to glance at it, "is a white man, I'm sure. He wouldn't hide and spy out on us. He would be only too glad to see us, for if he is here by himself he must be very lonesome. What I think is that he has had his breakfast and has gone off hunting or fishing to get something more to eat. Probably he is tired of living on canned food and wants some fresh meat or fish."

"I wish he'd let me help him fish," put in Bunny Brown. "I could fish here all right, couldn't I, Daddy?" he asked.

"If we had a hook and line we might," was the answer. "But we didn't bring any of those things with us."

"They might be in the boat," suggested Mrs. Brown. "So many things were in her that I feel quite sure it will contain a fishing outfit."

"Perhaps," assented her husband. "But now we had better go back to camp and tell Will and Sam what we have found."

"I think that would be best," said Mrs. Brown. "They, being sailors, would know what sort of ship this house came from. And when we return this man—whoever he may be—will probably be back. Then we can see who he is."

Bunny and Sue had wandered off a little way from their parents during this talk. They now came running back, somewhat out of breath and much excited.

"I think—" panted Bunny, "I think he's coming back now!"

"Who?" asked his father.

"The man that lives in this house."

"And he's a wild man!" gasped Sue.

"A wild man?" echoed her mother.

"Yes, he's got long black hair and long black whiskers and he looks funny. There he goes now! Look!"

Both children pointed to an opening in the bushes and Mr. and Mrs. Brown saw a strange figure running away. As Sue had said, he did, indeed, look like a "wild man," for his hair was long and straggly and his beard was so lengthy that it flowed over his shoulders as he ran.

"Look!" cried Bunny. "He's a wild man all right!"

CHAPTER XXII

SEARCHING FOR THE WILD MAN

WITH a cry of surprise Mr. Brown would have run after the strange being—whether he was really a wild man or not remained to be seen—but Mrs. Brown caught her husband by the arm and held him back.

“What’s the matter?” asked Mr. Brown. “I want to catch that fellow and find out who he is.”

“Had you better go?” asked his wife. “Would it be safe?”

“Why, I’m not afraid of him!” laughed the father of Bunny and Sue. “He’s afraid of us. See how he ran!”

“Yes, but there may be others besides him,” said Mrs. Brown. “They may be hiding in the bushes and they may have sent him on ahead to spy on us. Besides, if you go away from us, this man might circle around and scare Bunny and Sue.”

"We're not afraid of being scared by a wild man," declared the little boy.

"Perhaps I had better not leave you to chase this man," said Mr. Brown, after thinking it over. "We'll go back to our grass-hut camp and I'll get Will and Sam to come with me. We'll chase this fellow and find out who he is. He looks to me like a white man."

"I think he is a white man," agreed Mrs. Brown. "But perhaps he has been shipwrecked and living on this island so long by himself that he is out of his mind and has gone wild."

"Maybe," her husband admitted. "Anyhow, Will and Sam and I will search for him. Well, we've had some surprises to-day, and now it will be best, I think, to go back to our own little camp. Though if this wild man isn't going to use his comfortable little house I'd like to have it to live in."

"It is better than the hut," Mrs. Brown said. "But we couldn't come here until that fellow is caught," and she waved her hand toward the underbrush in which the strange creature had vanished. "It's his."

Bunny and Sue looked with wide-open eyes in the same direction hoping, yet also half fearing, to catch another glimpse of the man with the long black hair and beard. But he did not show himself.

Climbing up over the ridge of low hills which ran down the middle of Cocoanut Island, the castaways were soon nearing the little bay where they had first landed.

"I hope Will and Sam have seen the *Beacon* and have signaled for her to take us off," said Mrs. Brown.

"I hardly think the ship has returned," Mr. Brown said. "If she had we would have heard her whistle. But she will be here by night or by to-morrow morning, I'm sure."

"Anyhow, we're having fun here," said Bunny Brown. "I liked it on the rolling ocean, but I like it just as much on Cocoanut Island."

"So do I," agreed Sue. "And please, Mother, could I have some more cocoanut juice to drink?"

"Yes, when we get to the hut you may have some cocoanut milk," her mother said.

Will and Sam, who had been busy making their hut comfortable as a place to spend the night in case the ship did not come back, were much surprised to hear about the little wooden house and about the wild man.

"He's a shipwrecked sailor, like enough," declared Will.

"We'll see if we can catch him after lunch," Mr. Brown remarked. "Poor fellow, he may have been frightened on seeing us."

Some cocoanuts were opened and the milk drained off into cups for the children to drink.

Mrs. Brown prepared a simple meal, doing the best she could with the canned goods from the boat's lockers. She looked it over and noted that they had enough to last them a week or more.

"But I hope we don't have to stay here that long," she told her husband.

"If our food gives out we can ask the wild man to let us have a share of his," Mr. Brown said, with a laugh. "And he might be glad to have some one to keep him company."

After talking the matter over it was decided to let Will and Sam go together to

look at the deckhouse on the other side of the island, while Mr. Brown stayed with his wife and children near the grass huts. It was thought the two sailors could perhaps tell from what vessel the wooden house had been torn.

"And if you see the wild man try to find out who he is," suggested Mr. Brown.

"We will," promised the sailors as they started off after lunch.

Bunny wanted to go with them, and of course Sue clamored to go where her brother did. But their father and mother would not allow this.

"I'm not afraid of the wild man!" boasted Bunny.

"I wouldn't be if Sam and Will would stand in front of me," said Sue, at which the others laughed.

Left to themselves in the camp of the grass huts, Mr. and Mrs. Brown sat talking for a while on the strange happening that had made them castaways on Cocoanut Island.

"When I heard poor Mr. Pott telling how he had been shipwrecked," said Mrs. Brown,

"I little thought how soon we would be in the same plight."

"We aren't exactly shipwrecked," objected her husband.

"It's almost as bad," she replied, smiling. "We're marooned on this island with a wild man."

"Maybe Will and Sam will tame him," Mr. Brown said, with a laugh.

Bunny, having caught the name of Mr. Pott, came over to his father and mother to ask:

"Did we have any letters from Mr. Pott? Did he say he liked the apples I took to him?"

"And the flowers?" cried Sue. "I took flowers!"

"No, we haven't heard from Mr. Pott," said Daddy Brown. "The only way we could have heard while aboard the *Beacon* would have been by radio, and I guess poor Mr. Pott isn't able to send any wireless messages."

"Poor old man!" murmured Mrs. Brown. "I wonder whether he's heard from his lost son?"

"And about the treasure!" added Bunny. "He wanted the treasure, too!"

"Yes. But I'm afraid he'll never find either," said Mr. Brown. The children were playing about on the sand, now and then tossing stones and shells into the water, when they saw their father looking at a tall, straight palm tree which grew near the shore. He went into the hut where they had slept and came out with a piece of canvas—a small end of the tarpaulin that had been put over the leaky hut.

"What you going to do, Daddy?" Bunny wanted to know.

"I was thinking of putting up a flag on this tree when Sam and Will come back," was the answer.

"A flag?" cried Bunny. "What for? Is this the Fourth of July?"

"No," answered his father with a laugh. "Though it is quite warm enough for that. No, I want a flag to fly in the wind so those on the *Beacon* will see it when they come back and know we are still here. It is to be a signal flag, not a regular flag."

"I thought it looked like a funny flag," replied Bunny. "It hasn't any stars or stripes or anything."

"No, we don't need that for a signal flag," said Mr. Brown, as he looked at the piece of weather-stained canvas in his hand. "Anything that will flutter in the wind will do. You see the *Beacon* may circle about and come back to the island from the other side. But if they come back on this side they will know where we are. Yes, this tree will make a good flag pole. I'll have Will or Sam climb it and fasten on this piece of canvas when they come back."

"Will they bring the wild man back with them when they come?" Sue asked.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Brown.

Immediately Sue began to run toward the hut.

"Where are you going?" called her mother.

"I'm going to hide Elizabeth where the wild man can't find her," answered the little girl.

"Oh, don't be silly!" said her mother. "The wild man is only a poor shipwrecked sailor,

I'm sure, perhaps out of his mind a little on account of living alone so long. He won't hurt you nor your doll, Sue. Don't be foolish."

This made Sue feel a little ashamed of herself, and she and Bunny played about the beach, again taking off their shoes and stockings and going in wading.

Meanwhile Will and Sam were searching for the wild man. They soon found the little wooden house, discovered by Bunny Brown, and went inside. No one was there, and the sailors began looking about to see if they could tell from what ship it had been torn by a storm.

While they were looking about them, not disturbing anything in the house, however, Will suddenly called:

"Hark! I hear a noise outside!"

"Maybe it's the wild man!" said Sam.

CHAPTER XXIII

CAUGHT

THE two sailors each had the same thought. They wanted to catch this strange man, whether or not he was really wild. So when Will and Sam, who were inside the queer little wooden house, heard that noise outside they at once thought they had a chance to catch the wild man, if it should prove to be that person who had caused the sound.

"Lay low and go easy," whispered Will to Sam. "I'll take a look out and see if it's him."

"Go ahead," whispered Sam.

Very quietly Will went on his tiptoes to the door and looked out. Instantly he darted back inside the little house again.

"Did you see him?" asked Sam.

"Yes, he's coming up the path. He must have stepped on a stick that broke and made that noise. But he's coming right up here—

it's his home, you know. When he comes inside we'll grab him."

"All right," agreed Sam. "But it's sort of rough to treat a man like that when he comes into his own house. You wouldn't like that, Will, and I wouldn't either."

"No, maybe not," agreed the other sailor. "But this is for his own good. We aren't going to hurt the wild man. We want to be friends with him. But very likely he's so wild he won't trust us. All we want to do is to talk to him and tell him we'll be friends and help him."

"Oh, well, I guess that's all right," agreed Sam.

"Besides," went on Will, "we don't want this fellow with his long hair and beard scaring Bunny and Sue."

"No, that's so," admitted Sam. "He is sort of scary looking," he added, as he peered from the window and saw the wild man, as they called him, coming up the path that led to the little wooden house amid the cocoanut trees. "He looks like some monkeys I've seen in the jungle," added Sam.

"Yes, he's a queer chap," said Will. "Now don't make any noise and we'll catch him."

The sailors had talked in whispers since the noise had told them the stranger was approaching. They now placed themselves, one on either side of the door, to be ready to grab the fellow when he should come in. From where they stood, Will and Sam could watch the wild man coming along.

Every few seconds he would stop and seem to be listening with all his might. He had seen some strangers in his house, and though these strangers were kind people, who meant him no harm, the wild man did not know that, for he had been alone so long that he had grown a little queer.

After listening two or three times and hearing no sound from his house (for Will and Sam kept very quiet) the man walked on again. He was now within ten feet of the place and was walking a little faster.

The sailors had a good look at him. Truly he seemed a wild person. His clothes were tattered and torn and in one hand he carried a big club with a knob on the end. But it was

his long hair and long and matted beard that gave him the wildest look.

"He looks just like the wild man in the circus!" whispered Sam.

"Keep quiet!" whispered Will. "He'll hear you!"

But the strange man did not appear to hear the sailors. He came on, a little more slowly now, and was almost at the door. Will and Sam were on their tiptoes, ready to jump and grab the fellow, when, all of a sudden, Sam went:

"A-ker-choo!"

It was such a loud sneeze that it made Will jump and it frightened the man outside. He jumped, too—jumped up in the air. Perhaps he thought that when Sam sneezed "A-ker-choo!" he said: "I'll catch you!"

At any rate, some sneezes do sound like that, and it is no wonder the strange man was startled. In another moment he turned around and ran toward the woods.

"Now you've done it!" cried Will. "You've scared him, Sam!"

"I didn't go for to do it!" said Sam, quite

ashamed of himself. "I sure didn't go for to do it!"

"No matter, you did it!" said Will. "Now we've got to run after him and catch him! Come on!"

Will dashed out of the little house followed by Sam, and the two raced after the wild man. But the queer chap had a head start of the sailors, and, as you know, sailors are not very good runners at best.

Their legs get warped and twisted from steadying themselves on rolling ships so much, maybe.

At any rate, the wild man was well ahead of Sam and Will. And he knew just where to run—which paths to take through the woods. This the sailors did not know.

So, after a short chase the two sailors lost sight of the wild man. Then it was useless for Will and Sam to keep on after him.

"He got away!" said Sam.

"And all your fault, too," declared Will. "What did you have to go and sneeze for?"

"I couldn't help it," declared Sam. "Can you stop a sneeze when you want to?"

"Well, maybe not," agreed Will. "But we'll have to go back and tell Mr. Brown we saw this fellow but couldn't catch him."

"We'll have another try for him," said Sam. "But while we're here, let's finish looking around his house. Maybe we can find what ship this came from."

"All right," agreed Will.

While the wild man was running as fast as he could to get away from those he probably thought were his enemies, Will and Sam went back to the little wooden house.

They had not looked around very long before Sam saw something that caused him to grasp Will by the arm and point, saying:

"Look at that!"

What Sam pointed to was a name painted on a piece of wood behind one of the chests in the little house. The wood was broken off from a lifeboat, it seemed.

"The *Mary Bell*!" read Will, for those were the words. "That's the name of the ship that was wrecked, Sam. That's where this deckhouse came from—the *Mary Bell*."

"Yes," agreed the other sailor. "And—don't you remember?—the *Mary Bell* was the name of the schooner that Mr. Pott sailed on—the Mr. Pott that Bunny and Sue told us about. You know, the man that was pitched off his horse and they took him green apples and buttercups in the hospital. Don't you remember?"

"Of course I do," said Will. "Then Mr. Pott's schooner, the *Mary Bell*, must have been wrecked on this island. This deckhouse from the wreck was washed up on shore and this wild man has been living in it. But there was another man—Mr. Pott's son, you know—a fellow named Harry, so Bunny tells. What became of him?"

"That we don't know," replied Sam. "Nor what became of the treasure, either. But this is where the *Mary Bell* was wrecked."

"Come on!" cried Will, greatly excited. "We'll go back and tell Mr. Brown and then we'll try to catch this wild man."

As the sailors turned to cross Cocoanut Island and go back to the palm-hut camp,

Bunny and Sue were getting ready to catch the same wild man—only the children did not know it.

After Will and Sam had gone that morning and while Mr. and Mrs. Brown were talking matters over and wondering when the *Beacon* would come back, Bunny and Sue went a little way from camp to look about and play.

"Don't go too far away, my dears," called Mrs. Brown. "We don't want you to get lost."

"We won't," promised Bunny.

He and Sue found some beautiful scarlet blossoms growing near the spring of water.

"Oh, how lovely! Don't you wish we had some like these to take to Mr. Pott in the hospital, Bunny?"

"Yes, I do," said the little boy. "Mr. Pott would like these. And he'd like cocoanuts, too!"

"Let's take some home for him!" proposed Sue, going toward them.

Before Bunny could answer there was a rustling in the bushes near the children. At first they thought it was just another cocoanut

falling from a tree, for this often happened. But a moment later Sue, looking up, saw something that made her cry out:

“Look, Bunny! The wild man!”

Bunny glanced up and saw, thrusting itself out of the bushes, the head and face of the strange creature with his matted hair and long, straggly beard.

Sue was just going to run and Bunny was going to follow her when the wild man spoke. In a very gentle voice he said:

“Don’t be afraid, children! I wouldn’t hurt you for the world. I’m not half as wild as I look. I’m only a poor, shipwrecked sailor. I live in the little wooden house. There is some one in my house now, and that’s why I ran away from it. But don’t be afraid of me. I won’t harm you.”

“I — now — I’m not afraid,” declared Bunny.

“That’s right, my little chap—don’t be afraid! I wouldn’t hurt any one,” went on the man. “I have been very sick, and I guess I must have been out of my head. That’s why I ran away when I first saw you. But now

I'm right again. I want to get off this island. Have you folks a boat? If you have we can sail away in her. Oh, I have been so lonesome here! I want to get away. Have you a boat?"

"My father has a boat," said Bunny. "But we came off a steamer and it's coming back for us."

"That's good!" cried the man, no longer wild. He dropped the club he carried and walked slowly toward Bunny and Sue.

"Please take me to your father, children," he begged. "I'll tell him who I am and how I happened to be wrecked. Oh, I am so glad there is a chance to get off this island! Come, children, take me to your father."

He held out his hands. Bunny took one and Sue the other. Then the children went back to their father and mother.

Thus it was that Bunny Brown and his sister Sue caught the "wild man."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SHIP COMES BACK

THE stranger spoke so kindly to them and seemed so sad and forlorn, that the hearts of Bunny and his sister Sue went out to the poor man.

And you can well imagine how surprised Mr. and Mrs. Brown were when, as they sat under the cocoanut trees talking about when the *Beacon* would come back, they saw their children coming down a little hill hand in hand with the strange wild man.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Brown rubbed his eyes as though he could not believe what he saw. Then he cried:

"My gracious, it's the wild man!"

Bunny and Sue walked nearer, still hand in hand with the long-haired and matted-bearded man, and when they were close enough to be heard Sue called out:

"We caught the wild man!"

And Bunny added:

"But he isn't going to be wild any more and he wants to come on our ship when it comes back!"

Before Mr. or Mrs. Brown could say anything the man hurried toward them and exclaimed:

"It's just as the children say! They have caught me, but I was willing to be caught. And I guess I have been a bit wild, living here all alone on this island. I've been sick—that made me out of my head, I reckon—and I did all sorts of queer things. That's why I ran away when I first saw you people. I hope I didn't scare you."

"We didn't know what to think. I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Brown.

"I'm tame now," and the man smiled at the children. "But tell me," he went on, "is it true that you are off a ship and that the vessel is coming back for you?"

"We hope so," said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, yes, the *Beacon* will surely come back," said Mr. Brown. "She went away be-

cause of some accident, I'm sure. She may be back this very day."

"Do you think they will take me off?" asked the man.

"Of course, if you want to leave the island," said Mr. Brown.

"I certainly do want to leave the island!" cried the man. "I have been here nearly a year, and I am sick and tired of the place—living all alone. That's what made me wild, I think—no other soul on this island but me. I was shipwrecked and cast up here. I used to live in that hut," and he pointed to the grass-and-palm-leaf shelter where the Browns had slept.

"I lived there a week," said the man, "and then another storm, coming after the one that wrecked my ship, tossed up on shore the deck-house and some other things. So I took up my home in the wooden cabin."

"It's a nice little house," remarked Bunny. "I like it."

"Could we play there a little while?" Sue asked.

"As much as you like," said the wild man

who was now tame. "But were you shipwrecked?" he asked Mr. Brown.

"Oh, no," answered the children's father, and then he told how the *Beacon* had run on a sand-bar and how the boatload had come to the island and how the ship, for some strange reason, had steamed away, leaving them there.

Mr. Brown was just going to ask the stranger his name and the name of his shipwrecked vessel when over the hill Sam and Will came running. They had not caught the wild man, but they were eager to tell Mr. Brown about discovering the name *Mary Bell* in the wrecked deckhouse.

When the two sailors saw the "wild man" peacefully talking to their friends, Sam and Will could hardly believe their eyesight. They came to a sudden stop, their mouths open.

"Look! Look!" murmured Will. "There's the wild man!"

"We caught him!" cried Bunny. "My sister Sue and I—we caught the wild man!"

"And he isn't wild any more!" added Sue.

"Shiver my marlin'spike!" cried Will.

"Come here and we'll tell you the story," said Mr. Brown, with a laugh at the surprise of the sailors.

"But first we have something to tell you," said Sam. "We looked about in the wooden house—that is, after I sneezed and scared this man away."

"Oh, was it you who sneezed?" asked the former wild man.

"Yes," said Sam. "But I didn't mean to."

"Anyhow, it turned out all right," said Will. "But what Sam is trying to tell you is that we found the name *Mary Bell* on part of a lifeboat in the deckhouse. We remembered you folks said that was the name of the schooner your friend Philip Pott was wrecked on. The *Mary Bell* was wrecked here."

"Of course she was!" cried the "wild man," as Bunny and Sue still called him in their minds. "I was cast ashore on this island from the wreck of the *Mary Bell*. I was second mate aboard of her. And did I hear you mention the name Philip Pott? I thought I heard the children when I walked up to them speak of a Mr. Pott, but I couldn't be sure of it."

"Yes, we were talking about taking Mr. Pott some flowers and cocoanuts," explained Bunny.

"He fell off his horse and he's in the hospital," said Sue. "And he wants to find his son Harry and the treasure."

"Why, I'm his son Harry!" cried the wild man. "That's my name! I'm Harry Pott and my father is Philip Pott! I wonder if it can be the same one?"

"It must be," said Mr. Brown. "There could hardly be two men of the same name wrecked from the *Mary Bell*. I remember hearing the Mr. Pott who was hurt near our house say that the name of his schooner was *Mary Bell*."

"That's the one!" cried the former wild man. "Oh, at last I have trace of my father! I feared he was drowned with the rest of the crew when the *Mary Bell* was wrecked. Oh, tell me more about my father! I am happier than in many a long day!"

Then Mr. and Mrs. Brown, by turns, with Bunny and Sue putting in words now and then, told the story.

"There's no doubt of it," said Harry Pott when the story was finished. "The man who was thrown off his horse when your children were playing store is my father. I hope he wasn't badly hurt!"

"I think he will get well," said Mr. Brown. "And he surely will when he hears that you are alive. It will be good news to him."

"And he wants the treasure, too," said Bunny Brown. "Don't forget about the treasure!"

"Treasure?" repeated Harry Pott. "I don't know anything about any treasure. Father must be mistaken about that. But, no matter, we shall be happy when we meet again. Only when do you think the *Beacon* will come back to take us off?"

Before any one could answer Will Gand leaped to his feet and pointed across the water.

"There she comes now!" he cried. "Hur-ray! The ship is coming back for us!"

CHAPTER XXV

THE LOST TREASURE

SUCH good news hardly seemed true.

"Are you sure it is our ship?" Mrs. Brown asked her husband. "We were fooled the other time by a sea gull. I don't want to be disappointed again."

"This surely is a steamer," said Sam Trend. "I can see her smoke."

"Yes, that must be the *Beacon*," said Mr. Brown. "I wonder what happened to her that she stayed away so long."

"We'll soon know," returned his wife, her eyes shining with happiness. Though it was very lovely on Cocconut Island, now that the wild man was caught, she did not want to stay there any longer.

Nearer and nearer came the vessel, appearing to get larger each minute.

Bunny and Sue ran up and down the sand

in delight while their mother, their father, the two sailors and Harry Pott looked with eager eyes over the stretch of water.

"Hope she doesn't come so close she gets on the sand-bar again, Will," murmured Sam to his mate.

"That's right," agreed the other. "But I guess Captain Ward will be careful. We wouldn't have gone on at first if it hadn't been for the fog at night."

A few minutes later loud whistles broke out from the ship to let the castaways know she was coming to rescue them.

"That's the *Beacon* all right!" cried Sam. "I know her tooting. First I thought it might be some other steamer she was sending after us. But she's the *Beacon*!"

So it proved. A little later a boat put off from the anchored ship which came to a stop a safe distance away from the island and the sand-bar. Those on the *Beacon* did not wait for the castaways on the island to launch the boat they had.

In the craft that put off from the ship was Captain Ward and some of his sailors. Run-

ning up the beach to where Mr. and Mrs. Brown stood with the children and the others and holding out his hands, the commander cried:

"Oh, I'm so sorry this happened and that you were left behind! It was all due to an accident and because I was hurt. We never would have gone away and left you except for that!"

"We knew it was an accident," said Mr. Brown. "And, really, we have had a very good time here. We have an extra passenger for you to take back if you will," and he motioned to Harry Pott.

"A regular castaway, I take it," said the captain.

"Yes, I've been here nearly a year," said Harry Pott.

"But what happened to the *Beacon*?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Several things happened," explained Captain Ward. "In the first place, her steering gear was damaged in the hurricane and also when we ran on the sand-bar, but we didn't know that. Everything seemed to be all right

when you folks went ashore, and then we waited until high tide and started to pull the ship off the bar.

"We managed that part all right and were backing away when we found the steering gear wouldn't work after we had turned the ship about to head away from the island. But even that would have been all right had it not been that while I was giving orders something fell from up above and hit me and my first mate on our heads. We were knocked unconscious and remained so for a long time.

"This made so much excitement on the ship, together with the breaking of the rudder, that no one thought anything about you folks left on the island. In fact, very few of those on board knew you had gone off for a little picnic, though I knew and so did my mate. But we were both unconscious.

"Well, while I was lying in this state in my berth, the second mate, knowing nothing about you folks left here, kept the ship steaming away. She could move straight ahead, but could not turn about. And the second mate wanted to get as far away as possible from the

dangerous sand-bar. So he went for many miles before dropping anchor.

"And there we were, disabled, many miles away from the island, and here you were, marooned. I tell you I felt mighty sorry about it when I came to and asked about you," said Captain Ward. "And when I found you hadn't come back on board and no one had gone after you, I was nearly wild with worry.

"I wanted to put back and take you off at once. But, to add to our troubles, when we got the steering gear fixed the engines got out of order and we couldn't move at all.

"Of course the engineers worked as hard as they could to make repairs, and it was only a little while ago that we could turn around and come back to get you. All the while the machinery was being fixed I had a man on a lookout for some other ship to send to rescue you, but we saw none. Our wireless was out of order, so we couldn't radio about you to any other ship. But as soon as we got things fixed up we came back in a hurry, and here we are!"

"We're glad to see you," laughed Mr.

Brown. "Really, we haven't been so badly off. We have had a good shelter and plenty to eat."

"But we were all excited about the wild man," said Bunny.

"And we caught him—Bunny and I!" put in Sue.

"Wild man?" asked Captain Ward.

"I guess they called me that," said Harry Pott. And then he told his story—how he had been shipwrecked with the *Mary Bell*. "My father and I were on board," explained the long-haired sailor, "when we ran into the big storm. I had been sick for some time and couldn't do much. My father tried to save me when the ship broke up, but we got separated. He managed to get in a boat, but I couldn't. I clung to part of the wreckage and got ashore."

"Didn't you save the treasure?" asked Bunny Brown.

"What's this about treasure?" asked Harry Pott. "I never had any, and my father didn't either, that I know of."

They told the son what Mr. Pott had raved about in the hospital. Then a look of remembrance came over Harry Pott's face.

"Oh, I recall now that when my father went off in the lifeboat he called to me about saving the treasure," he said.

"But what was the treasure?" asked Mr. Brown.

"It must have been something in my father's sea chest," said the castaway sailor. "I know he kept very close watch over it and more than once he said to me it contained something valuable. But I was too sick to pay much attention."

"Then is the treasure lost?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Well, my father's chest came ashore with some other stuff," said Harry Pott. "It's in the deckhouse now. I've never opened it. I was too sad and miserable here, a castaway all by myself."

"Well, if there's a treasure here we don't want to leave it behind," said Mr. Brown. "Your father seemed very anxious about it, Harry. Let's have a look at it."

When they reached the deckhouse a little later and opened Mr. Philip Pott's chest, the treasure was found to be a lot of old-fashioned silver dishes—a teapot, a sugar bowl, a coffee urn, and such things as that.

"Oh, what wonderful silver!" cried Mrs. Brown when she saw it. "That is, indeed, a treasure! Where did it come from?"

"That silver has been in our family a long time," said Harry. "Just before my father and I sailed together on the *Mary Bell* an old aunt of father's died and gave us this silver. I didn't think much about it, and I didn't know my father called it his treasure until you people mentioned it. I don't believe it's worth much—old silver like that."

"Oh, indeed, it is worth a lot of money!" said Mrs. Brown. "It is very beautiful and old. Dealers will give a lot for that."

"Well, we'll have it put on board the *Beacon* and kept safely for Mr. Pott," said Captain Ward. "And now I think we had better get back to the ship, for there may be another storm or a fog and I don't want to get caught on the sand-bar again."

A little later the castaways, including Harry Pott and his chest of silver, were rowed out to the *Beacon* and soon the vessel was steaming on her way again.

"Good-by, Cocconut Island!" called Sue, waving her hands over the rail to the place where they had had so many strange adventures.

"Good-by!" echoed Bunny Brown. "Now we're on the rolling ocean again!"

Mr. Harry Pott was well taken care of on board the steamer. His hair and beard were trimmed and he was given some clothes to replace the ones made ragged by his lonely life of a year on the island.

"Now I feel better," he said. "And when I get to my father I shall be very happy."

"And he'll be glad to see you and the treasure," said Bunny.

As the *Beacon* still had many miles of travel before her and as Harry Pott was anxious to get back to see his father, the ship stopped at the nearest port and the castaway and his chest of silver went ashore, to take passage in another steamer that would carry

him back to Philadelphia. From there he could go by train to Bellemere. This he did, as Bunny and Sue learned a few weeks later.

The Browns remained on board the *Beacon* and went to the West Indies, where they had a wonderful time and many strange adventures of which I have not room in this book to tell you.

At last Bunny and Sue reached home again, off the rolling ocean, and among the first to greet them was Harry Pott and his father. Mr. Pott had been cured in the hospital and was quite well again.

"And I'm never going to ride any more horses!" he said.

"Did you get the treasure all right?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Indeed I did!" cried Mr. Pott. "And if it hadn't been that you children teased to go ashore on the island, perhaps I never would have found it, nor Harry either."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Sue. "Then Bunny and I found your treasure for you, didn't we, Mr. Pott?"

"That's what you did, little girl."

"And his son Harry, too," added Bunny. "Don't forget, Sue, that we found the wild man, and that the wild man isn't a wild man any more but is Mr. Pott's son Harry."

As Mrs. Brown had thought, the old silver was valuable, and while the fortune was not a very large one, the pieces were sold for enough to satisfy Mr. Pott. He and his son remained in Bellemere some time before again taking passage as sailors.

So all ended happily, for which Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were very glad.

"Next year maybe we'll have some more adventures," said Bunny.

"I hope we do," said Sue.

THE END

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